FOUR HUNDRED GOOD STORIES

ROBERT RUDD WHITING

1915
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Four Hundred Good Stories

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Four Hundred Good Stories

Collected by
ROBERT RUDD WHITING

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INTRODUCTION

A collection of anecdotes, like corned beef hash, should be judged as much by what is left out as by what is put in. The editor has sought to exclude from this little book all stories of purely local appeal, as well as stories that depend for their humor upon ridicule of any nation or creed.

The index of the subjects illustrated by these stories will, it is thought, be helpful to public speakers. A speech is a long, narrow passage leading to some broad conclusion. Anecdotes are the lamps that light the way. If the passage be obscure and gloomy, it may be that few will follow it. But if the passage be cheerfully lighted, all will gladly accompany the guide, and long after reaching the conclusion they will remember with pleasure the way through which he led them.

Some of the anecdotes in this collection are new—such have the virtue of youth. Others are old—the very fact that these have lasted as long as they have is proof of their merit. For among anecdotes the good do not die young. No attempt will be made here to distinguish between the old and the young, for in respect to age an anecdote is like a woman: it is almost impossible to determine exactly how old one is, and it is very impolite to ask. Probably some of the "newest" of Lincoln stories were causing smiles long before Lincoln's birth, while some of the "oldest" first saw light years after his death.

"As nearly as I can discover," said a man who keeps in touch with the humorous departments of the magazines, "all anecdotes can be roughly divided into six general classes: those related by Abraham Lincoln, those of which 'the Southern colonel of the old school' was the hero, the things that Mark Twain did, the various amusing experiences that befell the Bishop of X while so-

journing in the quaint little village of Y, the cutting retorts of James McNeill Whistler, and the shocking behavior of little Willie in the presence of the minister. What did they do for anecdotes before these people were born? Didn't they have any?"

Let us see. Here is a Mark Twain story that has been going the rounds of the magazines:

Mark Twain once went to borrow a certain book from a neighbor in Tarrytown.

"Why, yes, Mr. Clemens, you're more than welcome to it," the neighbor told him. "But I must ask you to read it here. You know I make it a rule never to let any book go out of my library."

Some days later the neighbor wished to borrow Twain's lawn mower.

"Why, certainly," the humorist genially assured him. "You're more than welcome to it. But I must ask you to use it here. You know I make it a rule"——

Hold on, though! What of the story

we find among Bacon's Apothegms, three hundred years ago:

Master Mason, of Trinity College, sent his pupil to another of the fellows, to borrow a book of him, who told him, "I am loath to lend my books out of my chambers; but if it pleases thy tutor to come and read it here, he shall as long as he will." It was winter, and, some days after, the same fellow sent to Master Mason to borrow his bellows; but Master Mason said, "I am loath to lend my bellows out of my chambers; but if thy tutor would come and use it here, he shall as long as he will."

And of whom was Master Mason the reincarnation? Aristippus, possibly? or Diogenes? or Antisthenes?

Several years ago a magazine printed this:

A Southern gentleman, carving chicken at dinner one day, was perplexed to find that the bird had but one leg. The nervousness of his darky butler at the time of the discovery gave him a clue to the fate of the other leg.

When the meal was over he questioned the darky.

"Dat suhtenly am strange, suh. It mus' be dat dat fool bird only had one laig in de fust place."

"Washington," said the master severely, "did you ever see a chicken with but one leg?"

Just then the darky caught sight of a fowl in the yard with one leg drawn up under her.

"Quick, massa, look dar!" he cried excitedly. "Dar's one now."

The gentleman went to the door and said: "Shoo!" The fowl quickly lowered the hidden leg and scurried off.

"Yes, massa, yes," protested the darky, "but yo' nebber said 'shoo' to de one on de table."

A subscriber wrote to the magazine indignantly protesting against the age of this story.

"Age is to be respected," he wrote, "but isn't this rubbing it in a little? I first heard a noted Southern raconteur tell that yarn over twenty years ago."

"Twenty years ago!" thought the anecdote editor gloomily. Gradually a vague memory, taking form, rose from his subconscious mind. He took a book from his shelves and hurriedly turned its pages. Suddenly his face lighted up with the triumph of discovery. He had found that this very characteristic darky story, stripped of its dialect, forms Novel IV, Sixth Day, in the Decameron of Boccaccio. Twenty years ago? Between five and six hundred years ago!

But Boccaccio makes no claim of originality for his merry tales. From whom did he hear this story? With a sigh the anecdote editor returned to his work. Partly as an expression of his feelings, perhaps, he accepted this one:

A little fellow who had just felt the hard side of a slipper, when the tears had dried somewhat, turned to his mother. "Mother," he asked, "did grandpa spank father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother impressively.

"And did his father whip him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father spank him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, who started this thing anyway?"

Four Hundred Good Stories

"Mother," said a college student who had brought his chum home for the holidays, "permit me to present my friend Mr. Specknoodle."

His mother, who was a little hard of hearing, placed her hand to her ear.

"I'm sorry, George, but I didn't quite catch your friend's name. You'll have to speak a little louder, I'm afraid."

"I say, mother," shouted George, "I want to present my friend Mr. Specknoodle."

"I'm sorry, George, but Mr.— What was the name again?"

"Mr. Specknoodle!" George fairly yelled.

The old lady shook her head sadly.

"I'm sorry, George, but I'm afraid it's no use. It sounds just like Specknoodle to me."

A jolly old steamboat captain with

more girth than height was asked if he had ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling; "once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear Creek, and, although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there now if it hadn't been for my crew. You see the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough"—he gave his body an explanatory pat—"so that whenever I tried to swim out I dragged bottom."

His clothes were spotted with dirt and grease, but a bright bunch of flowers adorned the lapel of his coat.

"What do you think of this?" he asked, proudly tapping his bouquet. "Where do you think I got it?"

"Don't know," admitted his friend, "unless— Why, maybe it grew there."

A certain man, living in a New England village, lost a horse one day, and, failing to find him, went down to the

public square and offered a reward of five dollars to whoever could bring him back.

A half-witted fellow who heard the offer volunteered to discover the whereabouts of the horse, and sure enough, he returned in half an hour leading the animal by the bridle. The owner was surprised at the ease with which his half-witted friend had found the beast, and, on passing the five dollars to him, he asked:

"Tell me, how did you find him?"

To which the other made answer:

"Wal, I thought to myself, where would I go if I wus a hoss; and I went there, and he had."

A lady employing a colored man asked him his name.

"Mah name is Poe, ma'am."

"Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe."

The darky's eyes opened wide with great surprise.

"Why—" he gasped, pointing a dusky

forefinger to himself, "why, Ah am Edgar Allan Poe!"

"I won't wash my face!" said Dolly defiantly.

"Naughty, naughty," reproved grandmother. "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

"Yes, and now look at it!"

A number of years ago, when Alvey A. Adee was Third Assistant Secretary of State, an employe of the department was called to the 'phone.

"Will you kindly give me the name of the Third Assistant Secretary of State?" asked the voice at the other end of the wire.

"Adee."

"A.D. what?"

"A.A.Adee."

"Spell it, please."

"A."

"Yes."

"A."

"Yes."

"A—"

"You go to hell!" and the receiver was indignantly hung up.

An aged Jersey farmer, visiting a circus for the first time, stood before the dromedary, eyes popping and mouth agape at the strange beast. The circus proper began and the crowds left for the main show, but still the old man stood in stunned silence, appraising every detail of the misshapen legs, the cloven hoofs, the pendulous upper lip, and the curiously mounded back of the sleepy-eyed beast. Fifteen minutes passed. Then the farmer turned away and spat disgustedly.

"Hell, there ain't no such animal!"

"Man is not yet in a position to abolish war," Elihu Root once said. "There is still too much of the animal in him. Even when he seems most mild and good he may have cruel, bestial thoughts revolving in his mind. As an illustration:

"A prison chaplain one day found a convict feeding a rat.

"'Aha!' the chaplain said, 'so you have a pet, eh?'

"'Yes, sir,' said the convict, his hoarse voice softening and a gentle smile illumining his hard face. 'I feed him every day. I think more o' this here rat, sir, than I do of any other livin' creature.'

"The chaplain laid his hand on the convict's shoulder.

"'In every man,' he said, 'there is something of the angel, if we can but find it. How came you to take such a fancy to this rat?'

"'It bit the jailer, sir.'"

Once upon a time a child who was asked on an examination paper to define a mountain range, replied, "A large-sized cook stove." The same method of reasoning seems to go with older growth. A recent examination paper at the Sheffield Scientific School at Yale contained the question, "What is the office of the gastric juice?" And the answer on one paper read:

"The stomach."

"Fust time you've ever milked a cow, is it?" said Uncle Josh to his visiting nephew. "Wal, y' do it a durn sight better'n most city fellers do."

"It seems to come natural somehow," said the youth, flushing with pleasure. "I've had a good deal of practice with a fountain pen."

At one of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain's speeches in Birmingham the hall was so densely crowded with enthusiastic admirers that exit or entrance while he was talking was out of the question. Suddenly, in the middle of an especially eloquent appeal, a sour-faced man arose in the front of the house and shook an accusing finger at the speaker.

"What did Mr. Gladstone say in 1872?" demanded the disturber in stentorian tones.

"Put him out! Put him out!" came from all parts of the hall.

"I repeat," continued the sour-faced man, "what did——"

Before he could get further he was

being kicked and jostled down the aisle and out into the street.

A friend, meeting the ejected one next morning, said: "Well, they certainly gave it to you good an' 'ard at the meetin' last night, an' wot's more you richly deserved it. But I say, Jock, just wot was it that Mr. Gladstone said in 1872?"

"I really 'aven't the slightest notion. I only know that I 'ad an orful toothache, an' the only possible way to get out of that bloomin' mob was to get thrown out."

"Wind," wrote a little boy in his composition at school, "is air when it gets in a hurry."

A new cabby had taken up his stand at Union Square.

"Gettin' in a new horse?" asked one of the old-timers, eyeing the bony nag critically.

"Aw, wotcher givin' us!"

"See yer got the framework up already."

A big, husky Irishman strolled into the Civil Service room where they hold physical examinations for candidates for the police force.

"Strip," ordered the police surgeon.

"Which, sor?"

"Get your clothes off, and be quick about it," said the doctor.

The Irishman undressed. The doctor measured his chest and pounded his back.

"Hop over this rod," was the next command.

The man did his best, landing on his back.

"Double up your knees and touch the floor with your hands."

He lost his balance and sprawled upon the floor. He was indignant but silent.

"Now jump under this cold shower."

"Sure an' thot's funny," muttered the applicant.

"Now run around the room ten times. I want to test your heart and wind."

This last was too much. "I'll not," the candidate declared defiantly. "I'll stay single."

"Single?" inquired the doctor, puzzled.

"Single," repeated the Irishman with determination. "Sure an' what's all this funny business got to do wid a marriage license anyhow?"

He had strayed into the wrong bureau.

"John, John," whispered an alarmed wife, poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up, John; there are burglars in the pantry and they're eating all my pies."

"Well, what do we care," mumbled John, rolling over, "so long as they don't die in the house?"

The foreman and his crew of bridgemen were striving hard to make an impression on the select board provided by Mrs. Rooney at her Arkansas eating establishment.

"The Old Man sure made a funny deal down at Piney yesterday," observed the foreman, with a wink at the man to his right.

"What'd he do?" asked the new man at the other end of the table.

"Well, a year or so ago there used to be a water-tank there, but they took down the tub and brought it up here to Cabin Creek. The well went dry and they covered it over. It was four or five feet round, ninety feet deep, and plumb in the right of way. Didn't know what to do with it until along comes an old lollypop yesterday and gives the Old Man five dollars for it."

"Five dollars for what?" asked the new man.

"Well," continued the foreman, ignoring the interruption, "that old lollypop borrowed two jacks from the trackman and jacked her up out of there and carried her home on wheels."

"What'd he do with it?" persisted the new man.

"Say, that old lollypop must've been a Yank. Nobody else could have figured it out. The ground on his place is hard and he needed some more fence. So he calc'lated 'twould be easier and cheaper

to saw that old well up into post-holes than 'twould be to dig 'em."

Thereafter the new man bit more on his food and less on the conversation.

A woman, dirty and disheveled, came into a public dispensary with her right arm torn and bleeding. As the surgeon bathed her wound preparatory to binding her up, he asked, "Dog bite you?"

"No, sor," the patient replied, "another loidy."

Cardinal Gibbons recently told the students of the Baltimore Woman's College an anecdote of Patrick Gilmore, the bandmaster, who was famous for his rendition of Mozart's "Twelfth Mass." Once he played the piece in a small North Carolina town. The next day the local paper, averse to any undignified abbreviation, came out with the announcement that Gilmore's band had "rendered with great effect Mozart's 'Twelfth Massachusetts.'"

Johnnie Poe, one of the famous Princeton football family, and incidentally a great-nephew of Edgar Allan Poe, was a general in the army of Honduras in one of that country's recent wars. Finally, when things began to look black with peace and the American general discovered that his princely pay when translated into United States money was about sixty cents a day, he struck for the coast. There he found a United States warship and asked for transportation home.

"Sure," the commander told him. "We'll be glad to have you. Come aboard whenever you like and bring your luggage."

"Thanks," said Poe warmly. "I'll sure do that. I only have fifty-four pieces."

"What!" exclaimed the commander. "What do you think I'm running? A freighter?"

"Oh, well, you needn't get excited about it," purred Poe. "My fifty-four

pieces consist of one pair of socks and a pack of playing cards."

An Atlanta grocer told more than he meant to in his Christmas advertisement:

Apples, Oranges, Imported Nuts,
Fruit Cake.
Shop Now and Avoid the Rush.
Remember, the Early Bird Gets
the Worm!

"Woman is very unreasonable," said a venerable New Hampshire justice of the peace. "I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize, both!'

"'Very well, Henry,' she said, with a tired air of submission, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair."

It had been anything but an easy afternoon for the teacher who took six of her pupils through the Museum of Natural

History, but their enthusiastic interest in the stuffed animals and their open-eyed wonder at the prehistoric fossils amply repaid her.

"Well, boys, where have you been all afternoon?" asked the father of two of the party that evening.

The answer came back with joyous promptness: "Oh, pop! Teacher took us to a dead circus."

A disheveled man, much the worse for liquor, staggered out of a Maine "speak-easy" and laboriously propped himself against the door. For a while he owlishly surveyed the passers-by. Suddenly his foot slipped and he collapsed in a heap on the sidewalk. A moment later he was snoring.

A hurrying pedestrian paused, reflectively surveyed the fallen man for a few seconds, and then poked his head in the door.

"Oh, Frank," he called. "Frank. Come out here a minute."

Presently the proprietor of the joint

smoking a fat cigar, emerged. He blinked in the bright sunlight.

"Hello, Hud," he said pleasantly. "What's up?"

Hud jerked his thumb toward the slumberer on the sidewalk.

"Yer sign has fell down," he explained, and briskly resumed his walk uptown.

An Irishman, wishing to take a "homestead" and not knowing just how to go about it, sought information from a friend.

"Mike," he said, "you've taken a homestead an' I thought maybe ye could tell me th' law concernin' how to go about it."

"Well, Dennis, I don't remimber th' exact wordin' uv th' law, but I can give ye th' meanin' of it. Th' meanin' uv it is this: Th' Governmint is willin' to bet ye 160 acres uv land agin $14 thot ye can't live on it foive years without starvin' t' death."

Little Paul had had economy drilled

into him since he was old enough to "take notice." He had been taught never to throw away anything that was good or whole. One afternoon his mother and her afternoon callers were startled by the appearance of Paul at the door, triumphantly holding a dead cat aloft by its tail.

"Look, mamma, see what I found in the alley—a perfeckly good cat that someone has throwed away!"

"Once when I was going out to visit some friends," said the late Mark Twain, "I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so.

"It was late at night when I returned. I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around the premises for about fifteen minutes, but still no key.

"Finally I went to George's house—he roomed outside—and rapped vigor-

ously upon the door. A black head, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as George's, popped out of an upstairs window.

"'Where did you put that key, you black rascal?' I roared.

"'Oh, massa,' answered George, 'I found a better place for it.'"

A teacher in a New England school had found great difficulty in training her pupils to pronounce the final "g." One day when a small boy was reading, he came to a sentence that he pronounced as follows: "What a good time I am havin'!"

"No, Johnny," the teacher told him, "you made a mistake. Don't you remember what I've been telling you? Try again."

"What a good time I am havin'!" persisted Johnny.

"No, no," said the teacher impatiently. "What have I been telling you about pronouncing the 'g'?"

Johnny's face brightened, and he be-

gan again, confidently: "Gee, what a good time I am havin'!"

He was an old darky. He wore no overcoat, and the icy wind twisted his threadbare clothes about his shriveled body.

"Wind," he demanded whimsically, "whar wuz you dis time las' July?"

President Manuel Amador of Panama tells this little tale of a certain Cuban millionaire:

"An unfortunate man once obtained access to this millionaire and started to lay before him his woes. He depicted his wretched poverty in most vivid colors. Indeed, so graphic was the man's sad story that the millionaire felt himself affected as he had never been before. With tears in his eyes he summoned his servant and in a quavering voice said:

"'John, put this poor fellow out. He is breaking my heart.'"

A Southern lady who had been fre-

quently annoyed by her darky cook's having company in the kitchen, remonstrated with the girl, telling her that she must entertain her friends in her own quarters after working hours.

One evening soon after this the lady left the girl arranging the dinner-table and went to the kitchen for something. A great, hulking darky was sitting in the kitchen rocker. Indignant, the lady hurried back to the dining-room.

"Cindy," she demanded, "what have I told you about having your beaux in the kitchen?"

"Laws, miss, he ain't no beau! Why, he's nuffin' but my brudder."

Somewhat mollified, the lady went back to the kitchen.

"So you are Cindy's brother?" she said kindly.

"Law bless yo', no, miss," he answered. "I ain't no 'lation 'tall to her. I's jes' keepin' comp'ny wif her."

The lady, angry through and through, sought out Cindy again.

"Cindy," she asked sternly, "why did

you tell me that that man was your brother? He says he is no relation to you."

Cindy looked aghast.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, miss, did he say dat? Jes' yo' stay here a minute an' lemme go look ag'in!"

"George," said the Titian-haired school marm, "is there any connecting link between the animal kingdom and the vegetable kingdom?"

"Yeth, ma'am," answered George promptly. "Hash."

It may have been George's sister, Nellie, who when asked how to make a Maltese cross replied: "Step on its tail."

Two London cabbies were glaring at each other.

"Aw, wot's the matter with you?" demanded one.

"Nothink's the matter with me, you bloomin' idiot."

"You gave me a narsty look," persisted the first.

"Me? Why, you certainly 'ave a narsty look, but I didn't give it to you, so 'elp me!"

Misrepresentation is not among the faults of the following advertisement written by the late Bill Nye:

"Owing to ill-health I will sell at my residence in township 19, range 18, according to government survey, one plush raspberry-colored cow, aged eight years. She is a good milker and is not afraid of the cars nor anything else. She is of undaunted courage, and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her house at present by means of a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will use her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shotgun which goes with her. In May she generally goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wabbly

legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

"Tom Barker," said the teacher, "stay in after school and write a composition of fifty words."

Tom handed in the following and was soon on his way to the swimming pool:

"Jessie was fond of kittens. She saw one on the road and called: Here pussy, pussy."

An eminent lecturer, self-made and proud of it, was addressing a young people's meeting at the Somerville Y. M. C. A.

"My dear young people," he began, "let me refer briefly to the humble auspices under which my start in life was made. Without a dollar in my pocket,

and with no earthly possessions of consequence, an indomitable nature and an inborn determination to utilize to the fullest advantages my abilities constituted my entire assets. But even with this modest beginning, what do you suppose was the first thing I sought—that which, at the very outset of my career, I strove most earnestly to attain?"

Enthusiastic juvenile chorus: "Milk!"

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy who was conducting her. "I ain't a-goin' to pay my good money for a pigsty with a measly little foldin' bed in it. If you think that jest because I'm from the country——"

Profoundly disgusted, the boy cut her short.

"Get in, mum. Get in," he ordered. "This ain't yer room. This is the elevator."

The new minister in a Georgia church was delivering his first sermon. The

darky janitor was a critical listener from a back corner of the church. The minister's sermon was eloquent, and his prayers seemed to cover the whole category of human wants.

After the services one of the deacons asked the old darky what he thought of the new minister. "Don't you think he offers up a good prayer, Joe?"

"Ah mos' suhtainly does, boss. Why, dat man axed de good Lord fo' things dat de odder preacher didn't even know He had!"

A lady who had arranged an authors' reading at her house succeeded in persuading her reluctant husband to stay home that evening to assist in receiving the guests. He stood the entertainment as long as he could—three authors, to be exact—and then made an excuse that he was going to open the front door to let in some fresh air. In the hall he found one of the servants asleep on a settee.

"Wake up!" he commanded, shaking the fellow roughly. "What does this

mean, your being asleep out here? You must have been listening at the keyhole."

An Eastern college graduate applied for work in a Michigan lumber camp. He was told to get busy on one end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At first all went well, but at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Sonny," he said, not unkindly, "I don't mind yer ridin' on this saw, but if it's jest the same to you I wish you'd keep yer feet off the ground."

"I'm a terror, I be," announced the new arrival in Frozen Dog to one of the men behind the bar.

"Be ye?"

"Takes three men to handle me, once I get started," he went on.

* * * * * * * *

"Oh, well," he remarked as he arose painfully and dusted off his clothes, "of

course if ye're shorthanded, I suppose two kin do it on a pinch."

A mother, anxious to impress upon the mind of her little boy the sufferings undergone by Christians for the sake of their faith, took him to see a painting of martyrs being cast to the lions. The scene was realistic, portrayed with all the skill of a master, and it proved too much for the child. He burst into tears. The mother, feeling that she had worked on his sympathies too much, tried to assuage his grief, but he refused to be comforted.

"Mama, mama," he sobbed convulsively, pointing to the picture, "there's a poor little lion over there in the corner that ain't gettin' any! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"

In his early boarding-house days in Kansas City, Eugene Field was invited to dine at a hospitable house where the best of everything was to be found. Some delicious strawberries were passed.

Field gazed at them longingly but shook his head.

"Why, Mr. Field," said his host in surprise, "don't you like strawberries?"

"I dote on them."

"Then why don't you take some?"

"I'm afraid," said the poet sadly, "that if I did they'd spoil my appetite for prunes."

A lady living in Wellesley, like many other young girls during the Civil War, used to knit socks for the soldiers. Into one pair she put a little note giving such items of Northern news as she thought would be of interest. The soldier who received the socks greatly appreciated this and a correspondence followed. After several letters he asked for her picture. Thinking that it might give pleasure to a brave patriot she sent him a daguerreotype. In the course of a most grateful acknowledgment of the gift the soldier wrote:

"A lady like you has little idea of the

evils and temptations of camp life. But when I am tempted to do wrong I get out your picture and, gazing earnestly at it, I say, 'Get thee behind me, satan!'"

Joe Gans, the negro prizefighter, once walked up to the bar of a café in Winnipeg and ordered a drink of whiskey. This particular place does all it can to discourage "colored" trade, and the bartender jammed the bottle down in front of Gans with a force that threatened to break it.

The fighter took his drink without protest and laid a ten-dollar bill on the bar. Snatching it, the bartender rang up five dollars on the cash register, and for change planked down five silver cartwheels. Without so much as moving an eyelash Gans pushed them back across the bar and said quietly, "Gimme a mild segah."

Tudor Jenks, the author of many bits of humorous verse and prose, has always

had difficulty on first meeting people in getting them to accept his name as his own. They insist upon regarding it as a rather odd pseudonym. Recently the matter has grown worse and he has experienced difficulty in establishing its right in articulate speech.

One day, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Mr. Jenks was an involuntary witness to a fight between two cab drivers. The men were promptly arrested and Mr. Jenks was haled to court with them to tell what he had seen. The police magistrate was elderly, gruff and short-tempered.

"What is your name?" asked the lawyer.

"Tudor Jenks."

"Once more, please."

"Tudor Jenks."

A sharp rap from the court, and this, explosively:

"Witness will stop making a funny noise and give his name!"

Andrew Carnegie smiled with unaf-

fected delight when he met an old friend on Fifth Avenue the other day.

"William," exclaimed the Laird o' Skibo, "MacLachlan tells me ye tried a nip o' that barrel o' Scotch whiskey I sent him, an' ye said 'twas fine."

"Aye," replied William.

"An' did ye really like it?" insisted Mr. Carnegie.

"Much!"

"You're sure, now?" persisted the Laird, with a smile.

"Deed aye!" said the expectant friend. "Deed aye! 'Twas the verra finest I ever tastit!"

"Wel-l-l, William," Mr. Carnegie promised, "I'll just have to give ye——"

William's eyes glistened.

"I'll just have to give ye," Mr. Carnegie finished, "the address of the spirit merchant who buys it for me!"

A traveler in Pennsylvania arrived late one night at a small village hotel and asked for a room. He was told that the only vacant one was next to that of a

very nervous man whom he must be careful not to disturb. After going to his room the newcomer thoughtlessly let fall one of his shoes; then, recalling the warning he had received, placed the other very carefully on the floor. He had put out the light and retired when there was a knock on his door. Opening it, he faced the nervous occupant of the adjoining room, who demanded excitedly:

"Why in thunder don't you take off that other shoe?"

The Hon. John Sharp Williams had an engagement to speak in a small Southern town. The train he was traveling on was not of the swiftest, and he lost no opportunity of keeping the conductor informed as to his opinions of that particular road.

"Well, if yer don't like it," the conductor finally blurted out, "why in thunder don't yer git out an' walk?"

"I would," Mr. Williams blandly replied, "but you see the committee doesn't expect me until this train gets in."

The little daughter of the house awoke one morning to be greeted with the tidings that she had a new little brother, who had arrived the night before. "You can't imagine who brought him," said the nurse. The little one thought a moment, and then said brightly:

"Oh, yes, now I know; it was the milkman."

"Why the milkman?" was asked in a surprised tone.

"Because it says on his wagon, 'Families Supplied,' of course," was the answer.

When the late Senator Wolcott first went to Colorado he and his brother opened a law office at Idaho Springs under the firm name of "Ed Wolcott & Bro." Later the partnership was dissolved. The future senator packed his few assets, including the sign that had hung outside of his office, upon a burro and started for Georgetown, a mining town farther up in the hills. Upon his arrival he was greeted by a crowd of

miners who critically surveyed him and his outfit. One of them, looking first at the sign that hung over the pack, then at Wolcott, and finally at the donkey, ventured:

"Say, stranger, which of you is Ed?"

"Medicine won't help you any," the doctor told his patient. "What you need is a complete change of living. Get away to some quiet country place for a month. Go to bed early, eat more roast beef, drink plenty of good, rich milk, and smoke just one cigar a day."

A month later the patient walked into the doctor's office. He looked like a new man, and the doctor told him so.

"Yes, doctor, your advice certainly did the business. I went to bed early and did all the other things you told me. But, say, doctor, that one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke starting in to smoke at my time o' life."

A Revolutionary veteran, running for Congress in days before the Civil War,

had as his opponent a young man who had never been a soldier. In his speeches the Revolutionary hero made the most of his "record."

"Fellow citizens," he would say, "I have fought and bled for my country. I have helped repulse the British tyrant; I have helped repel the savage Indian. I have slept upon the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven. I have plodded barefoot over the frozen ground until every footstep was marked with blood."

At the close of one of these speeches an old man, wiping the tears from his eyes with the ends of his coat tails, elbowed his way to the speaker.

"You've fought both the British an' the Injuns?" he asked.

"I have, sir."

"An' you've slept on the ground without kivver?"

"I have, sir."

"An' ye say that your feet have covered the ground that ye walked on with blood?"

"They have, sir," said the speaker, delighted that his words had made such a profound impression.

"Well, then," said the old man, turning away with a sigh of deep emotion, "I'm a-feered I'll have to vote fur that other feller, fur I'll be gosh blamed if you ain't done enough fur yer country already."

John Fiske, the historian, was once interrupted by his wife, who complained that their son had been very disrespectful to some neighbors.

Mr. Fiske called the youngster into his study.

"My boy, is it true that you called Mrs. Jones a fool?"

The boy hung his head. "Yes, father."

"And did you call Mr. Jones a worse fool?"

"Yes, father."

Mr. Fiske frowned and pondered for a moment. Then he said:

"Well, my son, that is just about the distinction I should make."

At a recent Confederate reunion in Charleston, S. C., two Kentuckians were viewing the Atlantic Ocean for the first time.

"Say, cap'n," said one of them, "what ought I to carry home to the children for a souvenir?"

"Why, colonel, it strikes me that some of this here ocean water would be right interestin'."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the colonel delightedly. From a rear pocket he produced a flask, and, with the aid of the captain, soon emptied it. Then, picking his way down to the water's edge, he filled it to the neck and replaced the cork.

"Hi, there! Don't do that!" cried the captain in great alarm. "Pour out about a third of that water. If you don't, when the tide rises she'll bust sure!"

Little Polly, coming in from her walk one morning, informed her mother that she had seen a lion on the street. No amount of persuasion or reasoning could

make her vary her statement one hair-breadth. That night, when she slipped down on her knees to say her prayers, her mother said, "Polly, ask God to forgive you for that fib."

Polly hid her face for a moment. Then she looked straight into her mother's eyes, her own eyes shining like stars, and said, "I did ask him, mamma, dearest, and he said, 'Don't mention it, Miss Polly; that big yellow dog has often fooled Me.'"

The attenuated, almost cadaverous appearance of Senator Ingalls was once the occasion of turning a joke on him in a most unexpected manner. A friend of his, a doctor in Atchison, had been much pestered by a newsboy who was accustomed to rush unceremoniously into his office and persistently urge him to buy a paper. One day the Senator and his friend were seated in the latter's office when the boy was heard coming up the stairs, and the doctor determined to play a trick on him. Going to a closet he

got an articulated skeleton and placed it in his chair. Then the two conspirators quickly withdrew to an inner room. In came the newsboy, and his precipitation carried him directly up to the desk before he saw what was in the chair. When he caught sight of the skeleton grinning at him he waited for nothing more, but, with a cry of terror, fled through the door and down the stairs to the street. The doctor, who had suffered from the boy's persistence, was highly amused; but Ingalls felt some sympathy for the unfortunate urchin, particularly when he saw him standing below crying.

"Come up here, my boy," he called from the window. "I'll buy a paper."

But the newsboy, crying harder than ever, blubbered out between his sobs:

"No, siree! I won't come up. You can't fool me, even if you have put yer clothes on!"

The Kaiser, when annoyed at anything, has a habit of tugging at the lobe

of his ear. While in England at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral he received a telegram and opened it in the presence of one of his small cousins, a boy of six. Something in the telegram did not altogether please his Majesty, and he at once began to tug at his ear. The little fellow noticed it, and the following took place:

"Why do you pull at your ear?"

"Because I am annoyed, my lad."

"Do you always do that when you are annoyed?" asked the boy.

"Yes, my lad."

"And when you are very, very much annoyed, what do you do?"

"Then," said the great war lord, "I pull somebody else's ear."

A poor Jew boarded a Delancey street horse car in New York with his son. The boy was tall and ungainly. He seemed at least twelve years old, but when the conductor called for the fares the Jew slowly counted out five pennies.

"Here," said the conductor, "where's the fare for the boy?"

"Vhy, he ain't yet five——"

"Five!" growled the conductor. "He's fifteen easy."

"Sure, no," pleaded the father. "He can't yet be five. He——"

"Well, he looks a good deal older," the conductor insisted.

"Certainly," said the old man, "certainly. Vhy shouldn't he? He's had a lot of trouble!"

A young physician in a thriving Western town was awakened at midnight by a violent ringing of the door-bell. He scrambled into his clothes and hurried downstairs. A well-dressed man was standing at the door.

"Doctor," said the stranger breathlessly, "you're wanted immediately out near the Country Club. Can you come right away?"

"Certainly, sir. Just step inside a moment while I phone for my horse. We'll be there in a jiffy."

It was a good five miles to the Country Club. Just beyond stood a cluster of suburban homes.

"The yellow house on the left there," said the stranger as he alighted from the buggy. "By the way, I forgot to ask the amount of your fee."

"Four dollars," said the doctor.

The stranger peeled off four one-dollar bills and passed them to the doctor.

"That'll be all, thank you, doctor. None of those pirate hackmen up in town would do it for less than six."

Two New England farmers met at the postoffice one morning.

"Mornin', Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

"My hoss is ailin', Si. What did you feed yourn on when he wus ailin'?"

"Benzine, Josh."

"Mornin', Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

Two days later:

"Mornin' Si."

"Mornin', Josh."

"Say, Si, my hoss died."
"So did mine, Josh."
"Mornin', Si."
"Mornin', Josh."

In certain parts of the West Indies the negroes speak English with a broad brogue. They are probably descended from the slaves of the Irish adventurers who accompanied the Spanish settlers.

A gentleman from Dublin upon arriving at a West Indian port was accosted by a burly negro fruit vender with, "Th' top uv th' mornin' to ye, an' would ye be after wantin' to buy a bit o' fruit, sor?"

The Irishman stared at him in amazement.

"An' how long have ye been here?" he finally asked.

"Goin' on three months, yer Honor," said the vender, thinking of the time since he had left his inland home.

"Three months, is it? Only three months an' as black as thot? Faith, I'll not land!"

A well-known Virginia congressman, leaving his house one morning, forgot a letter that he had meant to mail. That afternoon something called it to his mind and, as it was of considerable importance, he immediately hurried home. The letter was nowhere to be found. He summoned his faithful old darky servant.

"Zeke," he asked, "did you see anything of a letter around the house?"

"Yessuh. Yo' lef' it on yo' table."

"Then where is it now?"

"Ah mailed it, suh."

"Mailed it! Why, Zeke, there wasn't any name and address on the envelope!"

"Jes' so, suh. Jes' so. Ah thought it mus' be in answer to one ob dem anonymous letters yo've been gettin' lately."

One day Willie's mother found her young hopeful holding his pet rabbit by the ears. From time to time he would give Bunny a violent shake and demand sharply, "Two plus two? Two plus two?" or "Three plus three? Three plus three?"

"Why, Willie," asked his mother, with deep concern, "what makes you treat your poor little Bunny that way?"

"Well," replied Willie, greatly disappointed, "teacher told us in school to-day that rabbits multiplied very fast, but this dummy can't even add."

"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirming around on one foot; "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

When the thermometer dropped below zero Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed by the thought that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room.

"Huldah," she said, remembering the good old custom of her girlhood, "it's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, ma'am," assented Huldah without enthusiasm.

Mrs. Rogers, happy in the belief that her maid was comfortable, slept soundly. In the morning she visited the kitchen.

"Well, Huldah, how did you get along with the flatiron?"

Huldah breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Vell, ma'am, I got it most warm before morning."

"Who can tell me," asked the Sunday school teacher, "what became of the swine that had the evil spirits cast into them?"

Little Johnny raised his hand:

"Please, ma'am, they was all made into devilled ham."

At a recent dinner in London the conversation turned to the subject of lynching in the United States. It was the general opinion that a large number of Americans met death at the end of a rope. Finally the hostess turned to an American, who had taken no part in the conversation, and said:

"You, sir, must have often seen these affairs."

"Yes," he replied, "we take a kind of municipal pride in seeing which city can show the greatest number of lynchings in a year."

"Oh, do tell us about a lynching you have seen yourself," broke in half a dozen voices.

"The night before I sailed for England," said the American, "I was giving a dinner at a hotel to a party of intimate friends when a colored waiter spilled a plate of soup over the gown of a lady at an adjoining table. The gown was utterly ruined, and the gentlemen of her party seized the waiter, tied a rope around his neck, and at a signal from the injured lady swung him into the air."

"Horrible," said the hostess with a shudder. "And did you actually see this yourself?"

"Well, no," admitted the American apologetically. "Just at that moment I happened to be downstairs killing the

chef for putting mustard in the blanc mange."

A retail dealer in buggies doing business in one of the large towns in northern Indiana wrote to a firm in the East ordering a carload of buggies. The firm wired him:

"Cannot ship buggies until you pay for your last consignment."

"Unable to wait so long," wired back the buggy dealer, "cancel order."

Illustrative of "that troublesome Henglish haitch," an American traveler relates the following:

Once I dined with an English farmer. We had ham—very delicious baked ham. The farmer's son soon finished his portion and passed his plate again.

"More 'am, father," he said.

The farmer frowned.

"Don't say 'am, son. Say 'am."

"I did say 'am," the lad protested in an injured tone.

"You said 'am," cried the father

fiercely. "'Am's what it should be. 'Am, not 'am."

In the middle of the squabble the farmer's wife turned to me and, with a deprecatory little laugh, by way of explanation, said:

"They both think they're sayin' 'am, sir."

Archbishop Ryan was once accosted on the streets of Baltimore by a man who knew the Archbishop's face, but could not quite place it.

"Now, where in hell have I seen you?" he asked perplexedly.

"From where in hell do you come, sir?"

Two men were sentenced by a self-appointed court to be hanged for horse stealing. The place selected for the execution was the middle of a trestle bridge spanning a river. The first noose was insecurely tied and the prisoner dropped into the river. He swam to shore and made good his escape. As they were ad-

justing the rope for the remaining prisoner the latter drawled:

"Say, pards, make sure of thet knot this time, will yer? 'Cause I can't swim."

The late Phil May was once on his uppers in a small town in Australia. To stave off starvation he sought and found employment as a waiter in a fourth-class eating house. One day a man who had known the famous black-and-white artist in London dropped in and took a seat at one of the tables. When May went to take his order mutual recognition followed.

"Phil May!" the visitor exclaimed. "And compelled to work in a hole like this!"

"Oh, hell," retorted the artist indignantly. "I've sunk pretty low, I'll admit, but I haven't yet got so far down that I have to eat here."

A preacher had ordered a load of hay from one of his parishioners. About

noon, the parishioner's little son came to the house crying lustily. On being asked what the matter was he said that the load of hay had tipped over in the street. The preacher, a kindly man, assured the little fellow that it was nothing serious, and asked him in to dinner.

"Pa wouldn't like it," said the boy.

But the preacher assured him that he would fix it all right with his father, and urged him to take dinner before going for the hay. After dinner the boy was asked if he were not glad that he had stayed.

"Pa won't like it," he persisted.

The preacher, unable to understand, asked the boy what made him think that his father would object.

"Why, you see, pa's under the hay," explained the boy.

The late Senator Quay used to tell of an Irishman who prided himself upon his delicacy and tact. One day when a boy was killed in the quarry where the Irishman worked, he told the men to

leave everything in his hands: he would break the news to the boy's mother as it should be done.

He went home, put on a black suit and tie, and started for the mother's shanty.

"Good mornin', ma'am," he said. "'Tis the sad accident yer boy's gold watch has met wid."

"Why," said the mother, "Tom never had a gold watch."

"Sure an' that's lucky," said the diplomat, "for twinty tons uv rock just fell on him."

James McNeill Whistler and a friend, strolling through a London suburb, met a small boy. Whistler asked him his age.

"Seven," the boy replied.

"Oh, you must be more than seven," said Whistler doubtingly.

"Seven," insisted the boy, rather pleased at being taken for older.

Turning to his friend, Whistler said, "Do you think it possible that he really

could have gotten as dirty as that in only seven years?"

A man, driving along a country road, saw the roof of a farm-house ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was standing calmly in the doorway:

"Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?"

"I say your house is afire!"

"What did y' say? I'm a leetle deaf?"

"Your house is afire!" he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"Is that all?"

"It's all I can think of just now."

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range. Little Dolly regarded her with interest. They had no cat in Dolly's home. The cat began to purr.

"Gran'ma! Gran'ma! Come here quick!" cried Dolly in great alarm. "The cat's begun to boil!"

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

Charles Stuart, formerly senator from Michigan, was traveling by stage through his own state. The weather was bitter cold, the snow deep, and the roads practically unbroken. The stage was nearly an hour late at the dinner station and everybody was cross and hungry.

In spite of the warning, "Ten minutes only for refreshments," Senator Stuart sat down to dinner with his usual deliberation. When he had finished his first cup of coffee the other passengers were leaving the table. By the time his second cup arrived the stage was at the door. "All aboard!" shouted the driver. The senator lingered and called for a third cup of coffee.

While the household, as was the custom, assembled at the door to see the stage off, the senator calmly continued

his meal. Suddenly, just as the stage was starting, he pounded violently on the dining-room table. The landlord hurried in. The senator wanted a dish of rice pudding. When it came he called for a spoon. There wasn't a spoon to be found.

"That shock-headed fellow took 'em!" exclaimed the landlady. "I knew him for a thief the minute I laid eyes on him."

The landlord jumped to the same conclusion.

"Hustle after that stage!" he shouted to the sheriff, who was untying his horse from the rail in front of the tavern. "Bring 'em all back. They've taken the silver!"

A few minutes later the stage, in charge of the sheriff, swung around in front of the house. The driver was in a fury.

"Search them passengers," insisted the landlord.

But before the officer could move, the

senator opened the stage door, stepped inside, then leaned out, touched the sheriff's arm and whispered:

"Tell the landlord he'll find his spoons in the coffee pot."

A noted college president, attending a banquet in Boston, was surprised to see that the darky who took the hats at the door gave no checks in return.

"He has a most wonderful memory," a fellow diner explained. "He's been doing that for years and prides himself upon never having made a mistake."

As the college president was leaving, the darky passed him his hat.

"How do you know that this one is mine?"

"I don't know it, suh," admitted the darky.

"Then why do you give it to me?"

"'Cause yo' gave it to me, suh."

A Boston minister once noticed a crowd of urchins clustered around a dog of doubtful pedigree.

"What are you doing, my little men?" he asked with fatherly interest.

"Swappin' lies," volunteered one of the boys. "The feller that tells the biggest one gets the purp."

"Shocking!" exclaimed the minister. "Why, when I was your age I never even thought of telling an untruth."

"Youse win," chorused the urchins. "The dog's yours, mister."

A friend from the North had gone to visit the colonel, who lived in the swampy Mississippi River bottoms of Louisiana. There was no mosquito netting over the bed, and in the morning when the negro came with the water and towels, the tortured visitor asked: "Sam, why is it that you have no mosquito netting over the beds? Doesn't the colonel have any in his room?"

"No, suh," replied Sam.

"I don't see how he stands it."

"Well, suh," said Sam, "I reckon it's jes' dis way: In de fo' part ob de night, suh, de colonel's mos' gen'rally so 'toxi-

cated dat he don't pay no 'tention to de skeeters, an' in de las' part ob de night, suh, de skeeters is gen'rally so 'toxicated dat dey don't pay no 'tention to de colonel."

Former Mayor Dunne of Chicago once visited a barber shop where the barber, failing to recognize him, was very talkative.

"Have you ever been here before?" he asked.

"Once," said Mr. Dunne.

"Strange that I don't recall your face."

"Not at all. It altered greatly in healing."

A party of drummers was discussing the speed of trains. One had told of a Western express that ran so fast that the telegraph poles looked like a picket fence. Another had gone him one better by substituting a solid wall for the picket fence. Then a third spoke up:

"Gentlemen, I once traveled on an express in the Southwest that I think

takes the palm. It runs through a farming country, the principal products of which are corn and beans. First we would pass a flourishing field of corn and then an acre or two of beans. Well, sir, on one stretch there that train got to going so fast that the landscape looked just like succotash."

A young newspaper man, wishing to get from Chicago to Memphis, purchased a mileage book from a ticket scalper. The book had been the property of a reporter for the Louisville Courier-Journal, and the description in the cover was alarmingly different from his own. The sharp-eyed conductor immediately noticed this.

"Are you on the Courier-Journal?" he asked suspiciously.

"Oh, yes. I've been a reporter there for several years."

The conductor asked for some identification, which naturally the passenger was unable to give.

"I have it," said the conductor, sud-

denly remembering. "It just happens that Henry Watterson of the Courier-Journal is on the Pullman ahead. If you're all right he ought to be able to identify you."

At this the young man all but collapsed. However, there was nothing to it but to take a chance. When they found Henry Watterson the conductor handed out the mileage book, and, pointing to the young man, asked if he was a reporter on the Courier-Journal.

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply. "He is one of our best men. How are you, Robert?"

Breathing a prayer of thanks, the young man returned to his seat and resumed his journey without further trouble. Next morning, in the diner, he saw his friend and timidly approached him.

"Colonel Watterson," he said fervently, "I can't tell you how grateful I am for what you did for me yesterday. I——"

"Tut, tut. Don't mention it," returned

his benefactor. "You did every bit as much for me. I'm not Henry Watterson. I'm just riding on his pass."

A rather poor family unexpectedly came into possession of a fortune. They purchased a large farm with hens, cows and pigs. One day the little daughter of the family was showing a visitor about the place.

"Do your hens lay many eggs?" he inquired interestingly.

"Oh, they can," was the haughty reply, "but in our new position they don't have to."

"Help! Help!" cried an Italian laborer near the mud flats of the Harlem River.

"What's the matter there?" came a voice from the construction shanty.

"Queek! Bringa da shov'! Bringa da peek! Giovanni's stuck in da mud."

"How far in?"

"Up to hees knees."

"Oh, let him walk out."

"No, no. He no canna walk! He wronga end up!"

A farmer was the father of twelve children, all of whom had been rocked in the same cradle by the same great toe. He was rocking the newest arrival one night when his wife remarked:

"John, that cradle is nearly worn out; it's so rickety I'm afraid it will fall to pieces."

"It is about used up," replied her husband. Then, handing her ten dollars, he added: "The next time you go to town get a new one, a good one, one that will last."

Mark Twain often received letters and photographs from men who had been told that they looked like him. One of these was from Florida, and the likeness, as shown by the man's picture, was really remarkable—so remarkable, indeed, that Mr. Clemens sent the following acknowledgment:

"My Dear Sir: I thank you very

much for your letter and the photograph. In my opinion you are certainly more like me than any other of my doubles. In fact, I am sure that if you stood before me in a mirrorless frame I could shave by you."

A regiment of regulars was making a long, dusty march across the rolling prairie land of Montana last summer. It was a hot, blistering day and the men, longing for water and rest, were impatient to reach the next town.

A rancher rode past.

"Say, friend," called out one of the regulars, "how far is it to the next town?"

"Oh, a matter of two miles or so, I reckon," called back the rancher. Another long hour dragged by, and another rancher was encountered.

"How far to the next town?" the men asked him eagerly.

"Oh, a good two miles."

A weary half-hour longer of marching, and then a third rancher.

"Hey, how far's the next town?"

"Not far," was the encouraging answer. "Only about two miles."

"Well," sighed an optimistic sergeant, "thank God we are holdin' our own, anyhow!"

Anyone who has ever traveled on the New York subway in rush hours can easily appreciate the following:

A little man, wedged into the middle of a car, suddenly thought of pickpockets, and quite as suddenly remembered that he had some money in his overcoat. He plunged his hand into his pocket and was somewhat shocked upon encountering the fist of a fat fellow-passenger.

"Aha!" snorted the latter. "I caught you that time!"

"Leggo!" snarled the little man. "Leggo my hand!"

"Pickpocket!" hissed the fat passenger.

"Scoundrel!" retorted the little one.

Just then a tall man in their vicinity glanced up from his paper.

"I'd like to get off here," he drawled, "if you fellows don't mind taking your hands out of my pocket."

A suburban train was slowly working its way through one of the blizzards of '94. Finally it came to a dead stop and all efforts to start it again were futile.

In the wee, small hours of the morning a weary commuter, numb from the cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train and floundered through the heavy snow-drifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the operator:

"Will not be at office to-day. Not home yesterday yet."

"All right behind there?" called the conductor from the front of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice. "Wait till I get my clothes on!"

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get his laundry aboard.

A newly elected Western senator was pounding his desk and waving his arms in an impassioned appeal to the Senate.

"What do you think of him?" whispered Senator Kean, of New Jersey, to the impassive Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania.

"Oh, he can't help it," answered Knox. "It's a birthmark."

"A what?"

"A birthmark," repeated Knox. "His mother was scared by a windmill."

A good Samaritan, passing an apartment house in the small hours of the morning, noticed a man leaning limply against the doorway.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Drunk?"

"Yep."

"Do you live in this house?"

"Yep."

"Do you want me to help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

With much difficulty he half dragged, half carried the drooping figure up the stairway to the second floor.

"What floor do you live on?" he asked. "Is this it?"

"Yep."

Rather than face an irate wife who might, perhaps, take him for a companion more at fault than her spouse, he opened the first door he came to and pushed the limp figure in.

The good Samaritan groped his way downstairs again. As he was passing through the vestibule he was able to make out the dim outlines of another man, apparently in worse condition than the first one.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Are you drunk, too?"

"Yep," was the feeble reply.

"Do you live in this house, too?"

"Yep."

"Shall I help you upstairs?"

"Yep."

The good Samaritan pushed, pulled

and carried him to the second floor, where this man also said he lived. He opened the same door and pushed him in.

As he again reached the front door he discerned the shadow of a third man, evidently worse off than either of the other two. He was about to approach him when the object of his solicitude lurched out into the street and threw himself into the arms of a passing policeman.

"For Heaven's sake, off'cer," he gasped, "protect me from thish man. He's done nothin' all night long but carry me upstairsh an' throw me down th' elevator shaf'."

A pompous little man with gold-rimmed spectacles and a thoughtful brow boarded a New York elevated train and took the only unoccupied seat. The man next to him had evidently been drinking. For a while the little man contented himself with merely sniffing contemptuously at his neighbor, but finally he summoned the guard.

"Conductor," he demanded indig-

nantly, "do you permit drunken people to ride upon this train?"

"No, sir" replied the guard in a confidential whisper, "but don't say a word and stay where you are, sir. If ye hadn't told me I'd never have noticed ye."

A man just back from South America was describing a volcanic disturbance.

"I was smoking a cigar before the door of my hotel," said he, "when I was startled by a rather violent earthquake. The next instant the sun was obscured and darkness settled over the city. Looking in the direction of the distant volcano, I saw heavy clouds of smoke rolling from it, with an occasional tongue of flame flashing red against the dark sky.

"Some of the natives about me were on their knees praying; others darted aimlessly about, crazed with terror and shouting for mercy. The landlord of the hotel rushed out and seized me by the arm.

"'To the harbor!' he cried in my ear.

"Together we hurried down the nar-

row street. As we panted along, the dark smoke whirled in our faces, and a dangerous shower of red-hot cinders sizzled about us. Do you know, I don't believe that I was ever so homesick in all my life!"

"Homesick?" gasped the listener. "Homesick at a time like that?"

"Sure. I live in Pittsburg, you know."

A college professor, noted for his concentration of thought, returned home from a scientific meeting one night, still pondering deeply upon the subject that had been discussed. As he entered his room he heard a noise that seemed to come from under the bed.

"Is there someone there?" he asked absently.

"No, professor," answered the intruder, who knew of his peculiarities.

"That's strange," muttered the professor. "I was almost sure I heard someone under the bed."

"I confess that the subject of psychical

research makes no great appeal to me," Sir William Henry Perkin, the inventor of coal-tar dyes, once told some friends in New York. "Personally, in the course of a fairly long career, I have heard at first hand but one ghost story. Its hero was a man whom I may as well call Snooks.

"Snooks, visiting at a country house, was put in the haunted chamber for the night. He said that he did not feel the slightest uneasiness, but nevertheless, just as a matter of precaution, he took to bed with him a revolver of the latest American pattern.

"He slept peacefully enough until the clock struck two, when he awoke with an unpleasant feeling of oppression. He raised his head and peered about him. The room was wanly illumined by the full moon, and in that weird, bluish light he thought he discerned a small, white hand clasping the rail at the foot of his bed.

"'Who's there?' he asked tremulously.

"There was no reply. The small, white hand did not move.

"'Who's there?' he repeated. 'Answer me or I'll shoot.'

"Again there was no reply.

"Snooks cautiously raised himself, took careful aim and fired.

"From that night on he has limped. Shot off two of his own toes."

The usual large crowd was gathered at the New York end of the Brooklyn Bridge waiting for trolley cars. An elderly lady, red in the face, flustered and fussy, dug her elbows into convenient ribs irrespective of owners.

A fat man on her left was the recipient of a particularly vicious jab. She yelled at him, "Say!"

He winced slightly and moved to one side. She, too, side-stepped and thumped him vigorously on the back.

"Say!" she persisted, "does it make any difference which of these cars I take to Greenwood Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," he answered,

slipping through an opening in the crowd.

Senator Reed Smoot once spoke before a large crowd of Swedes. There was but little applause. He was followed by a man who spoke to them in their native tongue. The applause was deafening, and Smoot cheered as loudly as the best of them. Then, still clapping his hands, he leaned over to the chairman of the meeting. "What did he say?" he asked.

"He was interpreting your speech to them," replied the chairman gravely.

The teacher was describing the dolphin and its habits.

"And, children," she said impressively. "a single dolphin will have two thousand offspring."

"Goodness!" gasped a little girl in the back row. "And how about married ones?"

"Jed Blake to the bar," ordered the judge in a rural Alabama court.

A big, hulking negro ambled up to be arraigned for murder.

"Jed," began the judge, "you are charged with the gravest crime known to the law, that of taking the life of a fellow man. One of the forms of punishment for murder is death. Have you made any arrangements for your defense in this case, Jed?"

"No, suh, Jedge. I ain' dun nuthin'."

"Have you a lawyer, Jed?"

"No, suh, Jedge. I ain' got no lawyer. I ain' got nuthin', Jedge."

"Well, Jed," said the Judge, showing a little impatience, "have you talked to anybody about this case?"

"I talked to de sheriff some dat night when he come after me, Jedge, but you knows dat didn't do no good."

"For your information, Jed, I will state that it is within the province of this court to appoint counsel to any defendant who has none. I am now ready to appoint you a lawyer. Do you want one?"

"No, suh, Jedge. I don' want nuthin'," replied Jed rather dolefully.

"See here," snapped the judge, "I won't have any more of this foolishness. You say you don't want any lawyer. Well, then, what do you intend to do about this case?"

"Well, I tells you, Jedge, I ain' 'tendin' to do nuthin'. Ef it's jes' de same to you, Jedge, as far as I's concerned I's willin' to let de whole matter drap right here."

And thus spoke Sewell Ford:

It was a dark night. A man was riding a bicycle with no lamp. He came to a crossroads, and did not know which way to turn. He felt in his pocket for a match. He found but one. Climbing to the top of the pole, he lit the match carefully and in the ensuing glimmer read:

Wet Paint.

A judge in North Carolina was sentencing a big, loose-jointed negro who

had been convicted of murdering another negro.

"George Earley," his honor said, "you have been found by a jury of twelve men tried and true to be guilty of murder in the first degree, for having killed, in cold blood, Moses Stackhouse, and it is the sentence of this court that on the tenth day of August the sheriff of Polk County take you to a place near the county jail and there hang you by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead! And may God have mercy on your soul. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

The negro shifted from one foot to the other and twisted and untwisted the old felt hat he held in his hands. All eyes in the court-room were upon him. Finally, rolling his eyes up at the judge, he said:

"Look y'here, Jedge, you-all don't mean this comin' August, does you?"

Speaking of the policy of the Government of the United States with respect to its troublesome neighbors in Central

and South America, "Uncle Joe" Cannon recently told of a Missouri congressman who is decidedly opposed to any interference in this regard by our country. It seems that this spring the Missourian met at Washington an Englishman with whom he conversed touching affairs in the localities mentioned. The Westerner asserted his usual views with considerable forcefulness, winding up with this observation:

"The whole trouble is that we Americans need a —— good licking!"

"You do, indeed!" promptly asserted the Britisher, as if pleased by the admission. But his exultation was of brief duration, for the Missouri man immediately concluded with:

"But there ain't nobody can do it!"

A prominent railroad man hurried down the lobby of a Binghamton hotel and up to the desk. He had just ten minutes in which to pay his bill, and reach the station. Suddenly it occurred to him that he had forgotten something.

"Here, boy," he called to a negro bell-boy, "run up to 48 and see if I left a box on the bureau. And be quick about it, will you?"

The boy rushed up the stairs. The ten minutes dwindled to seven and the railroad man paced the office. At length the boy appeared.

"Yas, suh," he panted breathlessly. "Yas, suh, yo' left it, suh."

George Mallon, city editor of the New York Sun, tells of an old man up in Malone, N. Y., who is so famed for his wisdom that whenever anything extraordinary happens the villagers always ask:

"What does Uncle Ike say?"

Once a man became ill there and had to go West. Word came back to Malone about the end of the winter that he had reached the point of death. Everybody naturally asked: "What does Uncle Ike say?"

"He'll live till June," said Uncle Ike promptly.

"Why do you think so?" asked Mallon breathlessly.

"Well," answered Uncle Ike sagely, "he always has."

A middle-aged farmer accosted a serious-faced youth outside the Grand Central Station in New York the other day.

"Young man," he said, plucking his sleeve, "I wanter go to Central Park."

The youth seemed lost in consideration for a moment.

"Well," he said finally, "you may just this once. But I don't want you ever, ever to ask me again."

"You are pushing me too hard," said Wu Ting Fang to a reporter in San Francisco who was interviewing him. "You are taking advantage of me. You are like the Pekin poor relation:

"One day he met the head of his family in the street.

"'Come and dine with us to-night,' the mandarin said graciously.

"'Thank you,' said the poor relation.

'But wouldn't to-morrow night do just as well?'

"'Yes, certainly. But where are you dining to-night?' asked the mandarin curiously.

"'At your house. You see, your estimable wife was good enough to give me to-night's invitation.'"

Some years ago the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to his notion of things the schooner was getting a "leetle" too near certain mud flats which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he went to the captain, and, with his hat cocked on one side, said:

"Captain Spooner, you're getting a leetle too close to them flats. Hadn't ye better go about?"

The captain glared at him.

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and tend to your part of the skuner. I'll tend to mine."

Mr. Comstock went for'ard in high dudgeon.

"Boys," he bellowed out, "see that that ar mud-hook's all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Let go, then!" he roared.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chains, and like a flash the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing.

Mr. Comstock walked aft and touched his hat.

"Well, cap'n, my part of the skuner is to anchor."

A man who had been convicted of stealing was brought before a certain "down East" judge, well known for his tender-heartedness, to be sentenced.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge, not unkindly.

"Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, suddenly bursting into tears.

"Well, well, don't cry, my man," said

his honor consolingly; "you're going to be now."

Little Davy Sloan is forever asking questions.

"You'd better keep still or something will happen to you," his tired mother finally told him one night. "Curiosity once killed a cat, you know."

Davy was so impressed with this that he kept silent for three minutes. Then: "Say, Mother, what was it that the cat wanted to know?"

"Yes, sir," boasted the hotel proprietor, "that dog's the best rat-catchin' dog in the state."

Even as he spoke two big rats scurried across the office floor. The dog merely wrinkled his nose.

"Rat dog!" scoffed the traveling man. "Look at that, will you?"

"Huh!" snorted the landlord. "He knows them. But just you let a strange rat come in here once!"

The sages of the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in.

"What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?"

"Well," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."

The literary boarder fastened his eyes upon the hash.

"Kindly pass the Review of Reviews," he said.

Booth Tarkington says that in no state have the newspapers more "journalistic enterprise" than in his native Indiana. While stopping at a little Hoosier hotel in the course of a hunting trip Mr. Tarkington lost one of his dogs.

"Have you a newspaper in town?" he asked of the landlord.

"Right across the way, there, back of the shoemaker's," the landlord told him. "The Daily News—best little paper of its size in the state."

The editor, the printer, and the printer's devil were all busy doing justice to Mr. Tarkington with an "in-our-midst" paragraph when the novelist arrived.

"I've just lost a dog," Tarkington explained after he had introduced himself, "and I'd like to have you insert this ad for me: 'Fifty dollars reward for the return of a pointer dog answering to the name of Rex. Disappeared from the yard of the Mansion House Monday night.'"

"Why, we were just going to press, sir," the editor said, "but we'll be only too glad to hold the edition for your ad."

Mr. Tarkington returned to the hotel. After a few minutes he decided, however, that it might be well to add, "No questions asked" to his advertisement, and returned to the Daily News office.

The place was deserted, save for the skinny little freckle-faced devil, who sat perched on a high stool, gazing wistfully out of the window.

"Where is everybody?" Tarkington asked.

"Gawn to hunt th' dawg," replied the boy, without removing his gaze from the distant fields.

A firm of shady outside London brokers was prosecuted for swindling. In acquitting them the court, with great severity, said:

"There is not sufficient evidence to convict you, but if anyone wishes to know my opinion of you I hope that they will refer to me."

Next day the firm's advertisement appeared in every available medium with the following, well displayed: "Reference as to probity, by special permission, the Lord Chief Justice of England."

The colonel of a volunteer regiment camping in Virginia came across a pri-

vate on the outskirts of the camp, painfully munching on something. His face was wry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' 'em. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations."

The best man noticed that one of the wedding guests, a gloomy-looking young man, did not seem to be enjoying himself. He was wandering about as though he had lost his last friend. The best man took it upon himself to cheer him up.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked by way of introduction.

"Not lately," replied the gloomy one with a far-away expression.

"My rubber," said Nat Goodwin, describing a Turkish bath that he once had in Mexico, "was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way. When it was over and I had gotten up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted, and gave me three resounding slaps on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand.

"'What in blazes are you doing?' I gasped, staggering.

"'No offense, sir,' said the man. 'It was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bather. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room.'"

While waiting for the speaker at a public meeting a pale little man in the audience seemed very nervous. He glanced over his shoulder from time to time and squirmed and shifted about in his seat. At last, unable to stand it any longer, he arose and demanded, in a high,

penetrating voice, "Is there a Christian Scientist in this room?"

A woman at the other side of the hall got up and said, "I am a Christian Scientist."

"Well, then, madam," requested the little man, "would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draught."

At one time both Montague Matthews and Matthew Montague were members of the British House of Commons. Mr. Matthews was a big, powerful giant of a man. Mr. Montague was thin and emaciated. The speaker frequently confused the two.

"I can't understand it," said Montague Matthews. "There's as much difference between us as there is between a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse."

A Chinaman who had been robbed by a woman on the Bowery was trying to describe her at the police station.

"Can't you remember how she was dressed?" asked the lieutenant at the

desk. "What sort of a hat did she wear?"

For a moment John seemed puzzled. Then his face brightened.

"He dead—she glad," he confidently announced.

And now the police are looking for a woman with a Merry Widow hat.

In a New York street car recently a young man attracted the attention of the other passengers by suddenly leaping from his seat and picking up something from between the slats of the floor. For a moment he examined his find. Then he asked, "Did anybody lose a five-dollar gold piece?"

A ministerial-looking man got up from his seat at the other end of the car and started toward the young man with outstretched hand.

"Yes," he said, "I dropped a five-dollar gold piece when I got on, but owing to the crush I couldn't find it."

"Very well," said the young man gleefully. "Here's a nickel toward it."

A young lady whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation was visiting a house where other guests were assembled, among them the eldest son of a rich manufacturer. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the young man: "I hold that the thing for the husband to do is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. I would at once show my intentions by lighting a cigar, thus then and there settling the question forever."

"And I," said the young lady, "would at once knock the thing out of your mouth!"

"Do you know," rejoined the young man thoughtfully, "I don't think you would be there."

A Southerner, hearing a great commotion in his chicken-house one dark night, took his revolver and went to investigate.

"Who's there?" he sternly demanded, opening the door.

No answer.

"Who's there? Answer, or I'll shoot!"

A trembling voice from the farthest corner:

"'Deed, sah, dey ain't nobody hyah ceptin' us chickens."

"A sense of humor is a help and a blessing through life," says Rear Admiral Buhler. "But even a sense of humor may exist in excess. I have in mind the case of a British soldier who was sentenced to be flogged. During the flogging he laughed continually. The harder the lash was laid on, the harder the soldier laughed.

"'Wot's so funny about bein' flogged?' demanded the sergeant.

"'Why,' the soldier chuckled, 'I'm the wrong man.'"

A man and his wife were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening when a good Samaritan intervened.

"See here, my man," he protested, "this sort of thing won't do."

"What business is it of yours, I'd like to know," snarled the man, turning from his wife.

"It's only my business in so far as I can be of help in settling this dispute," answered the Samaritan mildly.

"This ain't no dispute," growled the man.

"No dispute! But, my dear friend—"

"I tell you it ain't no dispute," insisted the man. "She"—jerking his thumb toward the woman—"thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know darn well she ain't. Where's the dispute in that?"

Miss Sallie Miller, the acknowledged belle of the town, had fewer beaux than were her due. This was owing to her father's peculiar aversion to all young men who called on his daughter. He had a disconcerting way of taking possession of the porch and snubbing her callers

while they were waiting for her to come down.

One evening Mr. Newton Brown, a bashful young swain, came a trifle too early for Miss Sallie. Mr. Miller and Newton's father were close friends, but the boy had grown so rapidly that the old gentleman did not recognize little Newt Brown in this tall, gawky youth.

"It looks as if it might rain," the young fellow ventured timidly.

"'Tain't a-goin' to rain," was the gruff response.

For about a quarter of an hour they sat in silence. Finally the old man's curiosity got the better of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" he growled.

"Newton Brown, sir."

"What! Not old Jake Brown's son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, well," said Mr. Miller more kindly, "it *may* rain. It *may* rain."

After a scorching day's work old Ben Smith lighted his corncob pipe and sat

down on the little wharf to rest. Near him lay an alligator, the visible result of his labors. A tourist from the North approached and loftily remarked: "Ah, I see you have an alligator."

No answer.

"It is amphibious, is it not?"

The tone nettled the old man.

"Amphibious, hell!" he growled. "He'd bite yer arm off before ye could say Jack Robinson!"

The late James McNeill Whistler was standing bareheaded in a hat shop, the clerk having taken his hat to another part of the shop for comparison. A man rushed in with his hat in his hand, and, supposing Whistler to be a clerk, angrily confronted him.

"See here," he said, "this hat doesn't fit."

Whistler eyed the stranger critically from head to foot, and then drawled out:

"Well, neither does your coat. What's more, if you'll pardon my saying so, I'll

be hanged if I care much for the color of your trousers."

Comptroller Metz of New York opposed a certain bill on the ground that it would accomplish nothing.

"That bill," he said, "would effect no more real change than did the kindness of the canal-boat captain to the weary actor. After an enforced idleness of two months, the actor was offered an engagement in a town twenty-five miles away, on condition that he report for work that evening at seven o'clock.

"Well, he patched up his worn shoes as best he could, pinned up his wardrobe in an old newspaper, and set out along the towpath of the canal. But after he had covered some nine or ten miles, the poor fellow's boots gave out, and a little farther along, footsore and weary, he gave up in despair and threw himself on the grass by the bank of the canal.

"As he lay there cursing his fate, a canal-boat hove in sight. The actor was seized with an inspiration.

"'Captain!' he shouted, as the boat drew near. 'Pull up, captain! For the love of heaven, pull up!'

"'Wal?' inquired the captain as he stopped the boat.

"'Captain,' pleaded the actor, 'I've simply got to get to Quag to-night to play second heavy in "The Pitfalls of Pittsburg," and I can't walk another step. Can't you give me a lift? I'll gladly work my passage.'

"'Right-O,' said the captain, with a kindly nod. 'Lead the mule.'"

A young lady entered a crowded car with a pair of skates slung over her arm. An elderly gentleman arose to give her his seat.

"Thank you very much, sir," she said, "but I've been skating all afternoon, and I'm tired of sitting down."

The husband had had an unusual amount of work to do and it was after midnight when he started upstairs to

bed. He tiptoed softly, but in spite of his cautiousness his wife rolled over and half awakened.

"Is that you, John?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Are you sure?" she demanded, from force of habit.

Spurred on by newspaper taunts, possibly, a plain-clothes man of the Atlanta police set out one day to detect violations of the Georgia prohibition law. On Decatur Street he met an old negro whose appearance he considered a little "suspicious."

"Say, uncle," he whispered with a wink, "do you know where I can get some whisky?"

"I spec' maybe I kin get yer some ef yer gin me de money," replied the suspected one.

"Well, here is a two-dollar bill," said the plain-clothes man. "I'll wait in the alley here. Now hurry back."

"Yessah, boss, ef ye'll jes' hol' dis box er shoes fer me," and the policeman had

the box under his arm before he knew it, while the darky shambled off down the street, turning the first corner.

Thinking he was on a warm trail and would soon have an important prisoner and witness "with the goods on," the sleuth waited in patience. An hour went by. He was getting tired. Two hours. Still no sign of the messenger.

Weary and discouraged, he returned to the police station. Suddenly he remembered the shoes under his arm, and decided to have a look. The box contained, carefully wrapped, a full quart bottle of corn whisky.

Two smart young Londoners once accosted a respectable-looking shepherd in Argyll with:

"You have a very fine view here—you can see a great way."

"Yu ay' yu ay, a ferry great way."

"Ah! You can see America from here, I presume."

"Farrar than that."

"Farther than that?"

"You jist wait tul the mists gang awa' and you'll see the moon."

The storekeeper at Yount, Idaho, tells the following tale of Ole Olson, who later became the little town's mayor.

"One night, just before closin'-up time, Ole, hatless, coatless, and breathless, come rushin' into the store, an' droppin' on his knees yelled, 'Yon, Yon, hide me, hide me! Ye sheriff's after me!'

"'I've no place to hide you here, Ole,' said I.

"'You moost, you moost!' screamed Ole.

"'Crawl into that gunny-sack then,' said I.

"He'd no more'n gotten hid when in runs the sheriff.

"'Seen Ole?' said he.

"'Don't see him here,' said I, without lyin'.

"Then the sheriff went a-nosin' round an' pretty soon he spotted the gunny-sack over in the corner.

"'What's in here?' said he.

"'Oh, just some old harness and sleigh bells,' said I.

"With that he gives it an awful boot.

"'Yingle, yingle, yingle!' moaned Ole.

As an example of American skill the following is unsurpassed:

A German, a Frenchman and an American were shipwrecked and cast upon an island inhabited by semi-savages. The chief potentate of the place informed the involuntary visitors that the post of Lord High Executioner was vacant and would be awarded to that one of them who could fill it with most credit. Three condemned men were brought forth for the trials.

The German stepped forward, swung the great two-handed sword, and performed the decapitation with considerable success, although he required two strokes in which to hack off the victim's head.

The Frenchman took his position and, with debonair grace, despatched his victim with one stroke.

The American went to bat. After gently feeling the edge of the big sword, he drew it back, held it poised an instant, and—swish!—a flash, a hiss. The Yankee wiped the sword with complacency and stepped back.

"Go ahead," said the condemned man. "This suspense is terrible."

"Cough," commanded the American. The criminal coughed—and his head rolled upon the ground.

"Is that you, dear?" said a young husband over the telephone. "I just called up to say that I'm afraid I won't be able to get home to dinner to-night, as I am detained at the office."

"You poor dear," answered the wife sympathetically. "I don't wonder. I don't see how you manage to get anything done at all with that orchestra playing in your office. Good-by."

"Will," said a newly married friend to Will Maupin, the Nebraska poet, "I'm in a quandary as to just what I should

call my wife's mother. I don't like to call her 'Mother-in-law' on account of all the comic paper jokes on that name, and somehow there's a certain sacredness about the word 'Mother' that makes me hesitate to apply it to any but my own."

"Well," said Maupin, "I can only tell you of my own experience. The first year we were married I addressed my wife's mother as 'Say'; after that we called her 'Grandma.'"

On the way to the office of his publishers one crisp fall morning James Whitcomb Riley met an unusually large number of acquaintances who commented conventionally upon the fine weather. This unremitting applause amused him. When greeted at the office with "Nice day, Mr. Riley," he smiled broadly.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of."

A Western weekly printed the following:

"Paterfamilias asks: 'How can I get an article into your esteemed paper?' It all depends on the article you want to get into our paper, Pater. If it is small in bulk, like a hair-brush or a tea-caddy, spread the paper out upon the floor, and, placing the article carefully in the center, neatly fold the edges over it and tie with a string. This will keep the article from slipping out. If, on the other hand, the article is an English bath-tub or a clothes-horse, you will find it more suited to one of the New York Sunday papers."

"Tommy," said his mother reprovingly, "what did I say I'd do to you if I ever caught you stealing jam again?"

Tommy thoughtfully scratched his head with his sticky fingers.

"Why, that's funny, ma, that you should forget it, too. Hanged if I can remember."

A number of Confederate prisoners, during the Civil War, were detained at one of the Western military posts under

conditions much less unpleasant than those to be found in the ordinary military prison. Most of them appreciated their comparatively good fortune. One young fellow, though, could not be reconciled to association with Yankees under any circumstances, and took advantage of every opportunity to express his feelings. He was continually rubbing it in about the battle of Chickamauga, which had just been fought with such disastrous results for the Union forces.

"Maybe we didn't eat you up at Chickamauga!" was the way he generally greeted a bluecoat.

The Union men, when they could stand it no longer, reported the matter to General Grant. Grant summoned the prisoner.

"See here," said Grant, "I understand that you are continually insulting the men here with reference to the battle of Chickamauga. They have borne with you long enough, and I'm going to give you your choice of two things. You will either take the oath of allegiance to the

United States, or be sent to a Northern prison. Choose."

The prisoner was silent for some time. "Well," he said at last, in a resigned tone, "I reckon, General, I'll take the oath."

The oath was duly administered. Turning to Grant, the fellow then asked, very penitently, if he might speak.

"Yes," said the general, indifferently. "What is it?"

"Why, I was just thinkin', General," he drawled, "they certainly did give us hell at Chickamauga."

The intoxicated individual who, after bumping into the same tree thirteen times, bemoaned the fact that he was lost in an impenetrable forest, is no greater disgrace to modern civilization than the hero of this story:

A citizen of Seattle who had looked upon the wine when he was no longer sure what color it was, in the course of his journey home encountered a tree protected by an iron tree-guard. Grasping

the bars, he cautiously felt his way around it twice.

"Curse it!" he moaned, sinking to the ground in despair. "Locked in!"

A captain inspecting his company one morning, came to an Irishman who evidently had not shaved for several days.

"Doyle," he asked, "how is it that you haven't shaved this morning?"

"But Oi did, sor."

"How dare you tell me that with the beard you have on your face?"

"Well, ye see, sor," stammered Doyle, "there was nine uv us to one small bit uv a lookin'-glass, an' it must be thot in the gineral confusion Oi shaved some other man's face."

Two Northerners, traveling in the mountains of Kentucky, had gone for hours and hours without seeing a sign of life. At last they came to a cabin in a clearing. The hogs lay in their dirt holes, the thin claybank mule grazed

round and round in a circle to save the trouble of walking, and one lank man, whose clothes were the color of the clay-bank mule, leaned against a tree and let time roll by.

"How do you do?" said one of the Northerners.

"Howdy."

"Pleasant country."

The native shifted his quid and grunted.

"Lived here all your life?"

The native spat pensively in the dust. "Not yet," he said languidly.

"Now how do you suppose Noah spent the time in the ark during the flood?" the Sunday school teacher asked.

"Prayin'," suggested Willie.

"Fishin'," ventured Dick.

"Humph!" grunted Willie contemptuously. "'Twould be fine fishin' wid only two worms, wouldn't it?"

Mrs. A's little son suddenly asked in

a rather startled voice: "Mamma, is there bay rum in this bottle?"

"Mercy, no, dear. That's mucilage."

"Oh!" said the boy. Then, after a minute of silence: "Perhaps that's the reason I can't get my hat off."

A man with a waistcoat and diamond shirt-stud that fairly screamed "Prosperity!" at all within seeing distance, blew into the public stenographer's office in a New York hotel.

"Say," he demanded, "can you write a letter to my goil?"

The stenographer assured him that she could.

"Well," directed the sport, after giving the name and address, "tell her I've connected with a barrel of money on the ponies and that I'm goin' to Narragansett Pier for two weeks. See?"

For a few minutes the typist's fingers flew. Suddenly she stopped.

"I can't for the life of me remember," she explained in a puzzled voice, "how to spell 'Narragansett.'"

The man behind the waistcoat tossed his cigar stump in the waste-basket and scratched his head.

"N-a-r-nar-r-e-r-rer-r—oh, hell, cut it out! I'll go to Newport!"

A Scottish parson, still on the under side of forty, was driving home from an outlying hamlet when he overtook a young woman. He recognized her as the maid of all work at a farm which he would pass, so he pulled up and offered her a lift. Mary gladly accepted his offer and they chatted pleasantly all the way to the farm gate.

"Thank you, sir," she said as she got down.

"Don't mention it, Mary. Don't mention it," he told her politely.

"No, I won't," Mary obligingly assured him.

The three men in the back room of Conner's saloon had made a night of it. Their heads were heavy and their nerves

were on edge. The half-emptied glasses on the table had lost their charm.

Suddenly a rat darted across the floor, seized a bit of cheese that had fallen from the table, and scurried back to the hole whence it had come. Each of the men started violently and glanced suspiciously at his companions.

It was Hennessy who first mustered courage to speak.

"What are ye lookin' at?" he demanded with a sneer. "I know what ye're thinkin'. Ye think I thought I saw a rat. But I don't!"

There cannot be much satisfaction in "goin' around and lickin' the editor" when the latter not only makes copy out of the encounter but pictures himself as the hero as well. The following vivid pen-picture is taken from the editorial columns of an Iowa journal:

"There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick ma-

neuver threw him on top of us, bringing our back, at the same time, in contact with the solid bed of the printing-press. Then, inserting our nose between his teeth and cleverly entangling his hands in our hair, we had him!"

"They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the first Napoleon than they do now," said a well-known Frenchman. "The emperor one day met an old one-armed veteran.

"'How did you lose your arm?' he asked.

"'Sire, at Austerlitz.'

"'And were you not decorated?'

"'No, sire.'

"'Then here is my own cross for you; I make you chevalier.'

"'Your Majesty names me chevalier because I have lost one arm! What would your Majesty have done had I lost both arms?'

"'Oh, in that case I should have made you Officer of the Legion.'

"Whereupon the old soldier immedi-

ately drew his sword and cut off his other arm."

There is no particular reason to doubt this story. The only question is, how did he do it?

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm on?" asked the hardware clerk, as he was wrapping up the nails. "They're cheap now. I can let you have a first-class one for $35."

"I'd rather put $35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But think," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around town on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin; "no more foolish, I guess, than I would milkin' a bicycle."

"Dose Irish make me sick, alvays talking about vat gread fighders dey are," said a Teutonic resident of Hoboken, with great contempt. "Vhy, at Minna's vedding der odder nighd dot drunken Mike O'Hooligan butted in, und me und mein

bruder, und mein cousin Fritz und mein frient Louie Hartmann—vhy, ve pretty near kicked him oudt of der house!"

The late H. C. Bunner, when editor of "Puck," once received a letter accompanying a number of would-be jokes in which the writer asked: "What will you give for these?"

"Ten yards start," was Bunner's generous offer, written beneath the query.

A little girl was greatly interested in watching the men in her grandfather's orchard putting bands of tar around the fruit trees, and asked a great many questions. Some weeks later, when in the city with her mother, she noticed a gentleman with a mourning band around his left sleeve.

"Mamma," she asked, "what's to keep them from crawling up his other arm?"

From a crowd of rah-rah college boys celebrating a crew victory, a policeman had managed to extract two prisoners.

"What is the charge against these young men?" asked the magistrate before whom they were arraigned.

"Disturbin' the peace, yer honor," said the policeman. "They were givin' their college yells in the street an' makin' trouble generally."

"What is your name?" the judge asked one of the prisoners.

"Ro-ro-robert Ro-ro-rollins," stuttered the youth.

"I asked for your name, sir,—not the evidence."

It was at a little northwestern town in New South Wales. A traveling Englishman stood on the veranda of the public house watching the sun go down across the Black Soil Plains in a splendor of purple and gold.

"By Jove," he exclaimed to an impassive bushman who was lazily lounging against a post, "that's gorgeous, isn't it?"

The bushman slanted his head a little and looked critically at the glowing west.

"Not bad," he drawled. "Not bad—fer a little place like Boggabri."

The moral of this story may be that it is better to heed the warnings of the "still small voice" before it is driven to the use of the telephone.

A New York lawyer, gazing idly out of his window, saw a sight in an office across the street that made him rub his eyes and look again. Yes, there was no doubt about it. The pretty stenographer was sitting upon the gentleman's lap. The lawyer noticed the name that was lettered on the window and then searched in the telephone book. Still keeping his eye upon the scene across the street, he called the gentleman up. In a few moments he saw him start violently, and take down the receiver.

"Yes," said the lawyer through the telephone, "I should think you would start."

The victim whisked his arm from its former position and began to stammer something.

"Yes," continued the lawyer severely, "I think you'd better take that arm away. And while you're about it, as long as there seem to be plenty of chairs in the room——"

The victim brushed the lady from his lap, rather roughly, it is to be feared. "Who—who the devil is this, anyhow?" he managed to splutter.

"I," answered the lawyer in deep, impressive tones, "am your conscience!" And then he hung up.

A graduate of an Eastern law school wrote to a prominent lawyer in Arkansas to find out what chance there would be for him in that part of the country.

"I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and an honest young lawyer."

"If you are an honest lawyer," came the reply, "you will have no competition, and if you are a Republican the game laws will protect you."

The night city editor of a New York

newspaper once sent a cub reporter to see a temporarily prominent citizen after midnight. An hour later the reporter called up.

"Well, well," demanded the editor, "what did he have to say?"

"He—he boxed my ears, and cursed me out, sir, and said that if I ever dared get him out of bed at that time again he'd—he'd——"

"He did, did he?" snarled the editor in his high, querulous voice. "Well, you go right back there and give him to understand that he can't intimidate me with his threats. Moreover——"

But the reporter had quit journalism.

A Congressman's secretary, thinking he heard burglars in the house, woke the Congressman.

"Sir, sir," he whispered sharply, "there are burglars in the house!"

The Congressman stirred uneasily in his sleep.

"Well," he mumbled drowsily, "so there are in the Senate."

Berkowitz and Sternberg, traveling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, vhere I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg.

"Of course you don't know, but vhat do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of vhat?"

"Why, half vhat you say."

A big, burly, fierce-looking man and a meek, inoffensive-looking little chap were sawing timber with a cross-cut saw. A strapping Irishman, passing that way, stopped to watch them. Back and forth, back and forth, they pulled at the saw. Finally, the Irishman could stand it no longer. With a whoop and a yell he rushed at the big man and brought him to the ground, burying his knees deep into the sawyer's chest.

Biff! Bang! Thump! Biff!

"There," he said, letting him have one parting blow square on the nose, "now m'bbe ye'll let the little felly hev it!"

Robert Smith, brother of Sydney Smith, and an ex-Advocate-General, on one occasion engaged in an argument with a physician over the relative merits of their respective professions.

"I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said the doctor, "but you'll have to admit that your profession doesn't make angels of men."

"No," retorted Smith; "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

A nervous commuter, on his dark and lonely way home from the railroad station, heard footsteps behind him. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he was being followed. He increased his speed. The footsteps quickened accordingly. The commuter darted down a lane. The footsteps still pursued him. In desperation he vaulted over a fence and, rush-

ing into a churchyard, threw himself panting on one of the graves.

"If he follows me here," he thought fearfully, "there can be no doubt as to his intentions."

The man behind was following. He could hear him scrambling over the fence. Visions of highwaymen, maniacs, garroters and the like flashed through his brain. Quivering with fear the nervous one arose and faced his pursuer.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "Wh-why are you following me?"

"Say," asked the stranger, mopping his brow, "do you always go home like this? Or are you giving yourself a special treat to-night? I'm going up to Mr. Brown's, and the man at the station told me to follow you, as you lived next door. Excuse my asking you, but is there much more to do before we get there?"

"What's become ob dat little chameleon Mandy had?" inquired Rufus.

"Oh, de fool chile done lost him," re-

plied Zeke. "She wuz playin' wif him one day, puttin' him on red to see him turn red, an' on blue to see him turn blue, an' on green to see him turn green, an' so on. Den de fool gal, not satisfied wif lettin' well enough alone, went an' put him on a plaid, an' de poor little thing went an' bust himself tryin' to make good."

Norah, the "green" cook, poked her head in at the dining-room door.

"Please, ma'am," she asked, "an' how will I be knowin' when the puddin' is cooked?"

"Stick a knife into it," said her mistress, recalling the cook-book instructions. "If the knife comes out clean, the pudding is ready to serve."

"Yis, ma'am."

"And, oh, Norah!" The mistress had had an afterthought. "If the knife does come out clean, you might stick all the rest of the knives into the pudding."

The Rev. Dr. Twitchell, at the educa-

tional conferences at Lexington, began one of his little speeches with, "Gentlemen and ladies." He hastily corrected himself and passed the incident off with the following anecdote:

A teacher asked her class if the sentence, "The horse and the cow is in the lot," were correct. Most of the class thought it all right as it stood, but one little boy found fault.

"Now, children," said the teacher, "listen to Tommy. Why is it wrong, Tommy, to say 'The horse and the cow is in the lot'?"

"Please, ma'am, the lady should be mentioned first."

The following appeal of a Western editor is still going the rounds, although it is to be hoped that by this time the writer's only trouble is in having his vest made large enough:

"We see by an esteemed contemporary that a young lady in Chicago is so particular that she kneads bread with her gloves on. What of that? The editor

of this paper needs bread with his coat on; he needs bread with his trousers on; in fact he needs bread with all of his clothes on. And if some of his creditors don't pay up pretty quick he'll need bread without anything at all on, and this Western climate is no Garden of Eden."

"Sure, an' what the divvil is a chafin'-dish?" asked Pat.

"Whist, man," answered Nora, "it's a fryin'-pan thot's got into society."

Perhaps it was this same Nora who once defined steam as "wather thot's gone crazy wid th' heat."

A street-car "masher" tried in every way to attract the attention of the pretty girl opposite him. Just as he had about given up, the girl, entirely unconscious of what had been going on, happened to glance in his direction. The "masher" immediately took fresh courage.

"It's cold out to-day, isn't it?" he ventured.

The girl smiled and nodded assent, but had nothing to say.

"My name is Baumgarten," he volunteered.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said sympathetically, as she left the car.

A young man entered a hat store and asked to see the latest styles in derbies. He was evidently hard to please, for soon the counter was covered with hats that he had tried and found wanting. At last the salesman picked up a brown derby, brushed it off with his sleeve, and extended it admiringly.

"These are being very much worn this season, sir," he said. "Won't you try it on?"

The customer put the hat on and surveyed himself critically in the mirror. "You're sure it's in style?"

"The most fashionable thing we have in the shop, sir. And it suits you to perfection—if the fit's right."

"Yes, it fits very well. So you think I had better have it?"

"I don't think you could do better."

"No, I don't think I could. So I guess I won't buy a new one after all."

The salesman had been boosting the customer's old hat, which had become mixed among the many new ones.

A man entered a drug store in a hurry and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Shall I put 'em in a box, sir?" the clerk asked as he counted them out.

"Oh, no," replied the customer, "I want to roll them home."

Mark Twain believed in advertising. In an after-dinner speech he said:

"When I was editing The Virginia City Enterprise, writing copy one day and mining the next, I tried in many ways to drive home the fact that advertising pays. One day I received a letter from a subscriber saying that he had found a spider pressed between the pages of his paper. He wanted to know whether this signified good or bad luck.

I replied to him through our 'Answers to Correspondents' column as follows:

"'Old Subscriber.—The finding of a spider in your copy of the Enterprise was neither good luck nor bad. The spider was merely looking over our pages to find out what merchant was not advertising in them, so that he could spin his web across his door and lead a free and undisturbed existence forever after.'"

A member of an eminent St. Louis law firm went to Chicago to consult a client. When he arrived he found that he had unaccountably forgotten the client's name. He telegraphed his partner, "What is our client's name?"

The answer read, "Brown, Walter E. Yours is Allen, William B."

A young Harvard man, through family influence, obtained a position as confidential clerk in the office of a well-known railroad president. The first morning he got down to the office at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work.

On the second morning he presented himself at 8:30. Again he found his chief there ahead of him, working diligently. The third day he managed to make the office at eight. There was the president, already buried in business.

That night on his way home the young man took counsel with himself and determined to be ahead of his boss at any cost. Accordingly he set his alarm clock for 6:30 and by great exercise of will-power managed to show up at the office before 7:30. But there was his chief working away as if he had not left his desk at all.

As the clerk entered, the president looked up at him with a quizzical air. "Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your forenoons?"

Mose, the darky cook of a party of surveyors in eastern Texas, was greatly annoyed by the razor-back hogs that roamed around the camp. One evening, while he was at the spring, a particularly ravenous band of these "piny woods

rooters" raided the cook tent and ate up everything that was edible and some things that weren't.

For several moments after his return from the spring, Mose could find no words to express his feeling. "Wal," he finally exclaimed, "de good Lawd suhtainly knowed his business when he named hawgs 'hawgs'! Dey sho' is hawgs!"

As an example of woman's wit Chauncey Depew cites the following:

A man once found that his wife had bought a few puffs of false hair. This displeased him. So one day he hid in the hall outside of her room, and, just as the lady was adjusting the false puffs, he darted in upon her.

"Mary," he said reproachfully, "why do you put the hair of another woman upon your head?"

"John," retorted Mary, with a glance at her husband's shoes, "why do you put the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

"Good morning, ma'am," began the

temperance worker. "I'm collecting for the Inebriates' Home and——"

"Why, me husband's out," replied Mrs. McGuire, "but if ye can find him anywhere's ye're welcome to him."

A tall man, impatiently pacing the platform of a wayside station, accosted a red-haired boy about twelve.

"S-s-say," he said, "d-d-do y-you know ha-ha-how late this train is?"

The boy grinned but made no reply. The man stuttered out something about red-headed kids in general and passed into the station.

A stranger, overhearing the one-sided conversation, asked the boy why he hadn't answered the big man.

"D-d-d'ye wanter see me g-g-get me fa-fa-face punched?" stammered the boy. "D-d-dat big g-g-guy'd tink I was mo-mo-mocking him."

"Boohoo! Boohoo!" wailed little Johnny.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" his mother asked comfortingly.

"Boohoo—er—p-picture fell on papa's toes."

"Well, dear, that's too bad, but you mustn't cry about it, you know."

"I d-d-didn't. I l-laughed. Boohoo! Boohoo!"

The mountainous waves threatened to engulf the struggling ship at any moment. The captain ordered a box of sky-rockets and flares brought to the rail, and with his own hands ignited them, in the hope that they would make known his distress to some passing ship.

Amid the rockets' red glare a tall, thin, austere individual made his way to the rail and reproved the captain as follows:

"Captain, I must protest against this unseemly bravado. We are now facing death. This is no time for a celebration."

Levinsky, despairing of his life, made an appointment with a famous specialist.

He was surprised to find fifteen or twenty people in the waiting-room.

After a few minutes he leaned over to a gentleman near him and whispered, "Say, mine frient, this must be a pretty goot doctor, ain't he?"

"One of the best," the gentleman told him.

Livinsky seemed to be worrying over something.

"Vell say," he whispered again, "he must be pretty exbensive, then, ain't he? Vat does he charge?"

The stranger was annoyed by Levinsky's questions and answered rather shortly: "Fifty dollars for the first consultation and twenty-five dollars for each visit thereafter."

"Mine Gott!" gasped Levinsky. "Fifty tollars the first time und twenty-five tollars each time afterwards!"

For several minutes he seemed undecided whether to go or to wait. "Und twenty-five tollars each time afterwards," he kept muttering. Finally, just as he was called into the office, he was seized

with a brilliant inspiration. He rushed toward the doctor with outstretched hands.

"Hello, doctor," he said effusively. "Vell, here I am again."

Chief Kohler of the Cleveland police has a detective who, if reports are true, works by investigation rather than by deduction.

It is said that this sleuth, examining a jeweler's window that had been broken, muttered sagely:

"Umph! This is more serious than I thought. It's broke on both sides."

The ship upon clearing the harbor ran into a half-pitching, half-rolling sea, that became particularly noticeable about the time the twenty-five passengers at the captain's table sat down to dinner.

"I hope that all twenty-five of you will have a pleasant trip," the captain told them as the soup appeared, "and that this little assemblage of twenty-four will reach port much benefited by the voy-

age. I look upon these twenty-two smiling faces much as a father does upon his family, for I am responsible for the safety of this group of seventeen. I hope that all thirteen of you will join me later in drinking to a merry trip. I believe that we seven fellow passengers are most congenial and I applaud the judgment which chose from the passenger list these three persons for my table. You and I, my dear sir, are—Here, steward! Bring on the fish and clear away these dishes."

Joe Lincoln, whose Cape Cod folks are well-known characters, recently attended a lecture. When asked how he liked it, he related this little story:

A stranger entered a church in the middle of the sermon and seated himself in the back pew. After a while he began to fidget. Leaning over to the white-haired man at his side, evidently an old member of the congregation, he whispered:

"How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," the

old man answered. "I don't know exactly."

"I'll stay, then," decided the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

Sergeant Murphy had a squad of recruits on the rifle range. He tried them on the 500-yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the 300-, 200-, and 100-yard ranges, in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range, he scratched his head and regarded them perplexedly. Suddenly he straightened up.

"Squad, attintion!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! Char-r-ge!"

"The wolves were upon us," he related to the girl he was trying to impress. "Their howling penetrated to our very marrow. We fled for our lives. But each second we knew that the ravenous pack was gaining on us. Closer, closer—at last they were so close that we could

feel their muzzles against our legs so that——"

"Ah," sighed the lady, greatly relieved. "How glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"

"You never can tell," said a traveling salesman. "Now you'd think that a little New England village, chock full of church influence and higher education, would be just the place to sell a book like 'David Harum,' wouldn't you? Well, I know a man who took a stock up there and couldn't unload one of 'em. He'd have been stuck for fair if he hadn't had a brilliant idea and got the town printer to doctor up the title for him. As it was, he managed to unload the whole lot and get out of town before the first purchaser discovered that 'David's Harum' wasn't quite what he had led himself to suppose."

"Where's old Four-Fingered Pete?" asked Alkali Ike. "I ain't seen him around here since I got back."

"Pete?" said the bartender. "Oh, he went up to Hyena Tongue and got jagged. Went up to a hotel winder, stuck his head in and hollered 'Fire!' and everybody did."

The Shakespeare Club of New Orleans was noted for its amateur performances. Once, a social celebrity, gorgeous in the costume of a lord in waiting, was called upon to say: "The Queen has swooned."

As he stepped upon the stage his friends applauded vociferously. Bowing his thanks, he faced the king and, in a high-pitched voice, said: "The swoon has queened."

There was a roar of laughter. He waited patiently until it had subsided and tried again: "The sween has cooned."

Again the house roared and the stage manager, in a voice that could be heard all over the theater, said, "Come off, you doggoned fool!"

But the ambitious amateur refused to surrender, and in a rasping falsetto, as

he was being assisted off the stage, screamed: "The coon has sweened!"

A very stout old lady, bustling through the park on a sweltering hot day, became aware that she was being closely followed by a rough-looking tramp.

"What do you mean by following me in this manner?" she indignantly demanded. The tramp slunk back a little. But when the stout lady resumed her walk he again took up his position directly behind her.

"See here," she exclaimed, wheeling angrily, "if you don't go away at once I shall call a policeman!"

The unfortunate man looked up at her appealingly.

"For Heaven's sake, kind lady, have mercy an' don't call a policeman; ye're the only shady spot in the whole park."

Steve Long is noted for attending to his own business and saying very little about it. One morning an inquisitive

neighbor met him returning from the woods with his gun over his shoulder.

"Hello, Steve. Where ye been? A-shootin'?"

"Yep."

"What ye been a-shootin'?"

"Dog."

"Yer dog? My! Was he mad?"

"Wall, he didn't look so danged well pleased."

Little Johnnie, aged six, had been to church and had displayed more than usual interest in the sermon, in which the origin of Eve had been dwelt on at some length. On his return from the services, there being company to dinner, he had also displayed a good deal of interest in the eatables, especially the mince pie and cakes. Some time afterward, being missed, he was found sitting quietly in a corner with his hands pressed tightly over his ribs and an expression of awful anxiety on his face.

"Why, what on earth is the matter?" asked his mother in alarm.

"Mamma, I'm afraid I'm going to have a wife."

A young Scottish recruit had been placed on guard for the night outside the colonel's tent. In the morning the colonel stuck his head out.

"Who are you?" he demanded sternly.

The young man turned and affably replied: "Fine; hoo's yerself?"

"It's a great help to be able to size up the men you come in contact with," said the business man to his son; "but it's more important still that you should first know yourself.

"For instance. A noisy bunch tacked out of their club late one night, and up the street. They stopped in front of an imposing residence. After considerable discussion one of them advanced and pounded on the door. A woman stuck her head out of a second-story window and demanded, none too sweetly: 'What do you want?'

"'Ish thish the residence of Mr

Smith?' inquired the man on the steps, with an elaborate bow.

"'It is. What do you want?'

"'Ish it possible I have the honor of speakin' to Misshus Smith?'

"'Yes. What do you want?'

"'Dear Misshus Smith! Good Misshus Smith! Will you—hic—come down an' pick out Mr. Smith? The resh of us want to go home.'"

Editor Junkin of the Sterling Bulletin has red hair. Editor Cretcher of the Sedgwick Pantograph has no hair at all.

"Mac," asked Junkin, "how did you lose your hair?"

"It was red and I pulled it out," growled Cretcher.

The bartender grasped the man next the stove by the shoulder and shook him until he was awake.

"Here, Zeph," he told him, "you'd better go out and get some fresh air. It'll do you good."

Zeph merely grunted drunkenly, and huddled back in his chair. The bartender tried it again with like result.

"You won't get out, won't you?" he roared angrily. Seizing the unfortunate Zeph by his collar and the seat of his trousers, he escorted him forcibly to the alley. "Get out there in the air and brace up," was his parting advice.

"Y' kin put me out if y' like, but"—Zeph straightened up with drunken dignity—"ye can't make me take no air, durn ye!"

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a ground hog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a ground hog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

A young preacher, who was staying at a clergy house, was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each

day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else. Phillips Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Pray, what might that be?"

"Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D—— practicing what he preaches."

"Sir," said the bank president to a clerk whose face showed a three days' growth of beard, "you will have to get shaved."

"But, sir," protested the clerk, "I am growing a beard."

"Do what you like at home," snapped the president, "but I'll have you understand that you can't grow a beard during office hours."

A young New York broker of convivial

habits fell in with an old school friend who had gone on the road.

"Whenever you're in town come up and bunk with me," he urged his friend as they separated. "No matter what old time it is. If I'm not there just go ahead and make yourself at home. I'll be sure to turn up before daybreak."

Soon after this the salesman arrived in town about midnight, and, remembering his friend's invitation, sought out his boarding-house. There was only a dim light flickering in the hall, but he gave the bell a manful pull. Presently he found himself face to face with a landlady of grim and terrible aspect.

"Does Mr. Smith live here?" he faltered.

"He does," snapped the landlady. "You can bring him right in!"

"Powerful fertile country daoun theh in Texas," said the Colonel. "Yes, seh! Why, seh, I know spots daoun theh where the trees grow so close togetheh that you-all couldn't shove youh hand

between theh trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Fehginyuh deeah in those same forests with antlehs eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"

At this point some meddlesome idiot asked the Colonel how such deer ever managed to get such antlers between such tree trunks.

"Thet, seh," said the Colonel, drawing himself up with squelching dignity, "is theh business!"

Mr. McGuire was being examined for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGuire," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"Oi have not."

"Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?"

Said McGuire with decision: "Not in this case, yer honor."

A Texas tradesman has this pertinent sign in a conspicuous place in his store:

Man is made of Dust.
Dust Settles.
Be a Man!

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister stopped him on the street to congratulate him.

"Well, Jones," he said, "I hear that the Lord has smiled on you."

"Smiled on me!" repeated Jones. "He laughed out loud at me!"

During the recent financial depression in England, Pat and Mike enlisted in the British army. After their first drill the captain, thinking the circumstances opportune for a little lecture on patriotism, demanded eloquently: "Soldiers, why should a man die for his king and country?"

This struck Pat as a proper question. Turning to Mike he said:

"Faith, Moike, the Captain is roight! Whoi?"

The guest glanced up and down the bill of fare without enthusiasm.

"Oh, well," he decided finally, "you may bring me a dozen fried oysters."

The colored waiter became all apologies.

"Ah's verry sorry, sah, but we's out ob all shellfish 'ceptin' aigs."

"Are you related to Barney O'Brien?" Thomas O'Brien was once asked.

"Very distantly," replied Thomas. "I was me mother's first child—Barney was th' sivinteenth."

The cat was being pursued by Patrick around and around the kitchen. A sudden turn in the chase landed it "kerplunk" into the crock containing the pancake batter. It scrambled out barely in time to escape a blow from the poker wielded by Patrick, and shot out into the yard.

"Lave the poor baste go," begged Biddy, seeking to make peace. "The batter ain't hurt in the laste. Every place he touched it has stuck to him."

"Which is correct," asked the summer boarder who wished to air his knowledge, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know: when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

Shortly after two o'clock one bitter winter morning a physician drove four miles in answer to a telephone call. On his arrival the man who had summoned him said:

"Doctor, I ain't in any particular pain, but somehow or other I've got a feeling that death is nigh."

The doctor felt the man's pulse and listened to his heart.

"Have you made your will?" he asked finally.

The man turned pale.

"Why, no, doctor. At my age—oh, doc, it ain't true, is it? It can't be true——"

"Who's your lawyer?"

"Higginbotham, but——"

"Then you'd better send for him at once."

The patient, white and trembling, went to the 'phone.

"Who's your pastor?" continued the doctor.

"The Rev. Kellogg M. Brown," mumbled the patient. "But, doctor, do you think——"

"Send for him immediately. Your father, too, should be summoned; also your——"

"Say, doctor, do you really think I'm going to die?" The man began to blubber softly.

The doctor looked at him hard.

"No, I don't," he replied grimly. "There's nothing at all the matter with you. But I'd hate to be the only man you've made a fool of on a night like this."

One Eastern railroad has a regular form for reporting accidents to animals

on its right of way. Recently a track foreman had the killing of a cow to report. In answer to the question, "Disposition of carcass?" he wrote: "Kind and gentle."

A wizened little Irishman applied for a job loading a ship. At first they said he was too small, but he finally persuaded them to give him a trial. He seemed to be making good, and they gradually increased the size of his load until on the last trip he was carrying a 300-pound anvil under each arm. When he was half-way across the gangplank it broke and the Irishman fell in. With a great splashing and spluttering he came to the surface.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.

"T'row me a rope, I say!" he shouted again. Once more he sank. A third time he rose struggling.

"Say!" he spluttered angrily, "if one uv you shpalpeens don't hurry up an'

t'row me a rope I'm goin' to drop one uv these damn t'ings!"

The fact that his two pet bantam hens laid very small eggs troubled little Johnny. At last he was seized with an inspiration. Johnny's father, upon going to the fowl-run one morning, was surprised at seeing an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, with this injunction chalked above it:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."

"What I want," Francis Wilson told an amateur dramatist, "is a bright, frothy tragedy—something crisp and snappy."

"How do you mean?" asked the would-be author, slightly puzzled. "Can you give me an idea?"

"Oh, yes," said Wilson. "Here's one. Just a little thing in one act, you know.

"When the curtain goes up two persons are discovered on a sofa, one a pretty young woman, the other a nice-looking young man. They embrace. Neither

says a word. Then a door opens at the back and a commercial traveler enters. He wears an overcoat and carries an umbrella. You can tell at once by his manner that he is the husband of the young woman. At least that would be the natural inference of every discriminating playgoer.

"The husband takes off his coat, draws a revolver, and in the midst of the silent embrace of hero and heroine fires.

"The young woman falls dead.

"He fires again. The young man falls dead.

"Then the murderer comes forward, puts on a pair of eyeglasses, and proceeds to contemplate his sanguinary work.

"'Great heavens!' he exclaims, 'I am on the wrong floor.'"

A negro exhorter shouted to his audience, "Come up an' jine de army ob de Lord!"

"I'se done jined," replied one woman.

"Whar'd yo' jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In de Baptis' Church."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yo' ain't in de army ob de Lord; yo's in de navy."

"Two Mormon boys went to school for the first time out in Utah," relates Congressman J. Adam Bede, "and the teacher asked them their names.

"'John and William Smith,' the boys replied.

"Ah, then you are brothers! How old are you?'

"'Each ten years old, ma'am.'

"'Indeed! Then you are twins?'

"'Please, ma'am,' replied one of the boys, 'only on our father's side.'"

A certain theatrical troupe, after a dreary and unsuccessful tour, finally arrived in a small New Jersey town. That night, though there was no furore or general uprising of the audience, there was enough hand-clapping to arouse the troupe's dejected spirits. The leading man stepped to the footlights after the

first act and bowed profoundly. Still the clapping continued.

When he went behind the scenes he saw an Irish stage-hand laughing heartily. "Well, what do you think of that?" asked the actor, throwing out his chest.

"What d'ye mane?" inquired the Irishman.

"Why, the hand-clapping out there," was the reply.

"Hand-clapping?"

"Yes," said the Thespian, "they are giving me enough applause to show they appreciate me."

"D'ye call that applause?" inquired the old fellow. "Whoi, thot's not applause. Thot's the audience killin' mosquitoes."

O'Flannagan came home one night with a deep band of black crape around his hat.

"Why, Mike!" exclaimed his wife. "What are ye wearin' thot mournful thing for?"

"I'm wearin' it for yer first husband,"

replied Mike firmly. "I'm sorry he's dead."

In a New York street a wagon loaded with lamp globes collided with a truck and many of the globes were smashed. Considerable sympathy was felt for the driver as he gazed ruefully at the shattered fragments. A benevolent-looking old gentleman eyed him compassionately.

"My poor man," he said, "I suppose you will have to make good this loss out of your own pocket?"

"Yep," was the melancholy reply.

"Well, well," said the philanthropic old gentleman, "hold out your hat—here's a quarter for you; and I dare say some of these other people will give you a helping hand, too."

The driver held out his hat and several persons hastened to drop coins in it. At last, when the contributions had ceased, he emptied the contents of his hat into his pocket. Then, pointing to the retreating figure of the philanthropist who had started the collection, he observed:

"Say, maybe he ain't the wise guy! That's me boss!"

Not long ago a city editor in Ottumwa, Iowa, was told over the telephone that a prominent citizen had just died suddenly. He called a reporter and told him to rush out and get the "story." Twenty minutes later the reporter returned, sat down at his desk, and began to rattle off copy on his typewriter.

"Well, what about it?" asked the city editor.

"Oh, nothing much," replied the reporter, without looking up. "He was walking along the street when he suddenly clasped his hands to his heart and said, 'I'm going to die!' Then he leaned up against a fence and made good."

Willie's grandmother had come to visit them.

"Are you mamma's mother?" asked Willie by way of conversation.

"No, dear. I'm your grandmother on your father's side."

"Well," said Willie decidedly (he was an observing little fellow), "all I got to say is you're on the wrong side."

Clang, clatter, bang! Down the street came the fire engines.

Driving along ahead, oblivious of any danger, was a farmer in a ramshackle old buggy. A policeman yelled at him: "Hi there, look out! The fire department's coming."

Turning in by the curb the farmer watched the hose cart, salvage wagon and engine whiz past. Then he turned out into the street again and drove on. Barely had he started when the hook and ladder came tearing along. The rear wheel of the big truck slewed into the farmer's buggy, smashing it to smithereens and sending the farmer sprawling into the gutter. The policeman ran to his assistance.

"Didn't I tell ye to keep out of the way?" he demanded crossly. "Didn't I tell ye the fire department was comin'?"

"Wall, consarn ye," said the peeved

farmer, "I *did* git outer the way for th' fire department. But what in tarnation was them drunken painters in sech an all-fired hurry fer?"

A baseball player had two fingers of his right hand pretty badly bunged up in practice, and on his way home from the grounds he dropped into a doctor's office to have them attended to.

"Doctor," he asked anxiously as he was leaving, "when this paw of mine heals will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly you will," the doctor assured him.

"Well, then you're a wonder, Doc. I never could before."

A chocolate darky and his "yaller" girl were walking along together.

"I'se skeered mos' to def, Rastus."

"What am yo' skeered ob, woman?"

"I'se skeered yo'se gwine to kiss me."

"How kin I kiss yo' when I'se got a bucket on ma haid, a wash pot in one han' an' a turkey gobbler in de udder?"

"Oh, well, yo' fool, I wuz thinkin' yo' could set de bucket ob watah on de groun', put de turkey down an' turn de wash pot ovah him, den set me on de wash pot, frow yo' ahms around me an' des hep yo'sef."

A truly eloquent parson had been preaching for an hour or so on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," he declaimed, "and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I!"

The first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one

morning, after her colleague had related his many misdemeanors.

About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing-room,turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."

In a speech before the Wellesley Club recently, Augustus Thomas told this story about Nat Goodwin:

"Say, Nat," said Willie Collier to Mr. Goodwin as they were coming out of the Lambs' Club shortly after the latter's marriage to Miss Goodrich, "invite me to one of your weddings some time, won't you?"

Patrick arrived home much the worse for wear. One eye was closed, his nose was broken, and his face looked as though it had been stung by bees.

"Glory be!" exclaimed his wife.

"Thot Dutchman Schwartzheimer—'twas him," explained Patrick.

"Shame on ye!" exploded his wife without sympathy. "A big shpalpeen the loikes of you to get bate up by a little omadhoun of a Dootchman the size of him! Why——"

"Whist, Nora," said Patrick, "don't spake disrespectfully of the dead!"

"How's times?" inquired a tourist.

"Oh, pretty tolerable," responded the old native who was sitting on a stump. "I had some trees to cut down, but a cyclone come along and saved me the trouble."

"Fine."

"Yes, and then the lightning set fire to the brush pile and saved me the trouble of burnin' it."

"Remarkable. But what are you doing now?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Jest waitin' for an earthquake to come along and shake the potatoes out of the ground."

A patronizing young lord was seated opposite the late James McNeill Whistler at dinner one evening. During a lull in the conversation he adjusted his monocle and leaned forward in the direction of the artist.

"Aw, y' know, Mr. Whistler," he drawled, "I passed your house this mawning."

"Thank you," said Whistler quietly. "Thank you very much."

The customs of military service require officers to visit the kitchens during cooking hours to see that the soldiers' food is properly prepared. One old colonel, who let it be pretty generally known that his orders must be obeyed without question or explanation, once stopped two soldiers who were carrying a soup-kettle out of a kitchen.

"Here, you," he growled, "give me a taste of that."

One of the soldiers ran and fetched a ladle and gave the colonel the desired taste. The colonel spat and spluttered.

"Good heavens, man! You don't call that stuff soup, do you?"

"No, sir," replied the soldier meekly, "it's dish-water that we was emptyin', sir."

Two of the leading attorneys of Memphis, who had been warm friends for years, happened to be opposing counsel in a case some time ago. The older of the two was a man of magnificent physique, almost six feet four, and built in proportion, while the younger was barely five feet and weighed not more than ninety pounds.

In the course of his argument the big man unwittingly made some remark that aroused the ire of his small adversary. A moment later he felt a great pulling and tugging at his coat tails. Looking down, he was greatly astonished to see his opponent wildly gesticulating and dancing around him.

"What on earth are you trying to do there, Dudley?" he asked.

"By Gawd, suh, I'm fightin,' suh!"

Rufus Choate once endeavored to make a witness give an illustration of absent-mindedness.

"Wal," said the witness cautiously, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to hum, an' took it out'n his pocket to see if he had time to go hum to get it—I should say that that feller was a leetle absent-minded."

The battle was going against him. The commander-in-chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent an aide to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed; but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour—still no regiment. The aide came tearing back hatless, breathless.

"My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander.

"General," answered the excited aide, "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans down the road and they won't let it go by."

"Please, ma'am," said the maid, "there's a colored man and his wife at the door in answer to your advertisement."

"But I advertised only for a laundress."

"Yes, ma'am, they are her."

A peasant named Ali, according to a good old Oriental chestnut, needing badly a donkey for some urgent work, decided to apply to his neighbor Mehmed, whose donkey Ali knew to be idle in the stable that day.

"I am sorry, my dear neighbor," said Mehmed, in reply to Ali's request, "but I cannot please you. My son took the donkey this morning to the next village."

"I assure you," insisted Ali, "I shall take the very best care of him, my dear neighbor."

"Can you not take my word?" demanded Mehmed with a show of anger. "I tell you the donkey is out."

"But"—at this point the donkey be-

gan to bray loudly. "There. That is the donkey braying now."

"Well," said the justly indignant Mehmed, "if you would rather take my donkey's word than my word, we can be friends no longer, and under no circumstances can I lend you anything."

A weary guest at a small and not very clean country inn was repeatedly called, the morning after his arrival, by the colored man-of-all-work.

"See here," he finally burst forth, "how many times have I told you I don't want to be called? I want to sleep!"

"I know, suh, but dey've got to hab de sheets, anyhow. It's almos' eight o'clock, an' dey's waitin' fo de tableclof."

"I want some collars for my husband," said a lady in a department store, "but I am afraid I have forgotten the size."

"Thirteen and a half, ma'am?" suggested the clerk.

"That's it. How on earth did you know?"

"Gentlemen who let their wives buy their collars for 'em are almost always about that size, ma'am," explained the observant clerk.

A Northerner riding through the West Virginian mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Isn't it pretty slow work to fatten them on grass? Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yaas, I s'pose so," drawled the mountaineer. "But, hell, what's time to a hawg?"

"Mr. Brown and his family were standing in front of the lion cage.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, "if those animals were to escape, whom would you save first, me or the children?"

"Me," answered John without hesitation.

It was the opening day of the kindergarten. The teacher began by asking each child what it had learned to do.

"James, what can you do?"

"Please, ma'am, I can sharpen pencils."

"That's very nice. William, what can you do?"

"I can throw a ball."

"That's splendid. Mary, what can you do?"

"I can undwess myself," was the proud response.

"I'm sure that must be a great help to your mother, Mary. Rachel, what can you——?"

"I can undwess myself," interrupted Mary.

"Yes, Mary, that's very nice, but you mustn't interrupt. Rachel——"

"I can undwess myself," piped Mary.

"So you have said twice before, Mary. If you interrupt me again, you will have to be punished. Now, Rachel, what can you do?"

"I take care of my baby brother sometimes, and——"

"That's lovely, Rachel. Charles, what can you do?"

"I can undwess myself," persisted Mary coyly before Charles had time to answer. So the teacher gently led Mary to the cloak room to meditate on her disobedience. Shortly afterward the doctor called to see if all the children were well.

"Yes," the teacher assured him, "we are all well and happy this morning. Oh, all but one little girl. I think there must be something the matter with her tongue. Will you look at it, please? Mary, come here a moment."

Mary fluttered into the room minus her clothes. Waving her arms she said with childish glee:

"See, I can undwess myself!"

At a baseball game in Chicago the gatekeeper hurried to Comiskey, leader of the White Sox, and said:

"Umpire Hurst is here with two friends. Shall I pass 'em in?"

"An umpire with two friends!" gasped Comiskey. "Sure!"

Mosie was a typhoid convalescent. He had been in the hospital seven weeks, but in all that time no one had succeeded in winning even the faintest smile from the little fellow. Perhaps the sorrows of Russia were still too vivid a memory.

And then one day the nurse tickled him playfully under the chin. He looked up with a pitiful little smile.

"Oh, so you are ticklish," said the nurse, laughing.

"No, ma'am," he replied, the smile instantly vanishing, "I'm Yiddish."

We clip the following for the benefit of those who doubt the power of the press:

"Owing to the overcrowded condition

of our columns, a number of births and deaths are unavoidably postponed this week."

Before fame came to him, Bernard Shaw wrote dramatic criticisms for the London Saturday Review. The following sample was preserved by the late Clyde Fitch as characteristic:

"I am in a somewhat foolish position concerning a play at the Opera Comique, whither I was bidden this day week. For some reason I was not supplied with a program; so that I never learned the name of the play. At the end of the second act the play had advanced about as far as an ordinary dramatist would have brought it five minutes after the first rising of the curtain; or, say, as far as Ibsen would have brought it ten years before that event. Taking advantage of the second interval to stroll out into the Strand for a little exercise, I unfortunately forgot all about my business, and actually reached home before it occurred to me that I had not seen the end of the play.

Under these circumstances, it would ill become me to dogmatize on the merits of the work or its performance. I can only offer the management my apologies."

A Kansan sat on the beach at Atlantic City watching a fair and very fat bather disporting herself in the surf. He knew nothing of tides, and he did not notice that each succeeding wave came a little closer to his feet. At last an extra big wave washed over his shoe tops.

"Hey, there!" he yelled at the fair, fat bather. "Quit yer jumpin' up and down! D'ye want to drown me?"

Homer Davenport, the cartoonist, played in a brass band many years ago. He was unable to be on hand when the uniforms came, and had to put up with what was left.

"The coat wasn't so bad," says Mr. Davenport, "but the trousers— Honest, I had to take two steps to make those trousers go one!"

Most Southerners are gallant. An exception is the Georgian who gave his son this advice:

"My boy, never run after a woman or a street car—there will be another one along in a minute or two."

The musical young woman who dropped her peekaboo waist in the piano player and turned out a Beethoven sonata, has her equal in the lady who stood in front of a five-bar fence and sang all the dots on her veil.

Nothing more clearly expresses the sentiments of Harvard men in seasons of athletic rivalry than the time-honored "To hell with Yale!"

Once when Dean Briggs, of Harvard, and Edward Everett Hale were on their way to a game at Soldiers' Field a friend asked:

"Where are you going, Dean?"

"To yell with Hale," answered Briggs with a meaning smile.

The other-people's-business man persisted in trying to extract information from a prosperous-looking elderly man next him in the Pullman smoker.

"How many people work in your office?" he asked.

"Oh," said the elderly man, getting up and throwing away his cigar, "I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them."

It was prohibition country. As soon as the train pulled up, a seedy little man with a covered basket on his arm hurried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart bottle filled with rich, dark liquid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked, with just the suspicion of a wink.

Two thirsty-looking cattlemen brightened visibly, and each paid a dollar for a bottle.

"Wait until you get outer the station before you take a drink," the little man

cautioned them. "I don't wanter get in trouble."

He found three other customers before the train pulled out, in each case repeating his warning.

"You seem to be doing a pretty good business," remarked a man who had watched it all. "But I don't see why you'd run any more risk of getting in trouble if they took a drink before the train started."

"Ye don't, hey? Well, what them bottles had in 'em, pardner, was real cold tea."

"Over five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys," observed the star boarder who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac.

"Sakes alive!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do!"

"It's a mighty good book," said a publisher, speaking of one of his own publi-

cations, to Upton Sinclair. "Have you read it? What do you think of it?"

"There is only one thing to be said in its favor," said Mr. Sinclair. "A friend of mine carried it through the Spanish-American war in his breast pocket, and a ball ricochetted against his ribs, but the book saved him. The ball was unable to get beyond the fourth chapter."

A little fellow rushed breathlessly into a drug store.

"Please, sir, some liniment and some cement!"

"What?" asked the puzzled clerk. "What's the trouble?"

"Mam hit pop on the head with a plate."

"Please, your Satanic Majesty," begged a lost soul who was fishing from the banks of a boiling lake, "can't I try my luck somewhere else? I've been fishing from this blamed place for the

last hundred years and haven't had a bite yet."

"That's the hell of it," explained his Satanic Majesty.

Frank Daniels, early in his career, was principal in a small company that was touring "the provinces." Business had been poor and eating had become a luxury. It was only the cheering knowledge that the new opera house at Ticonderoga, New York, had been almost sold out for their performance that kept them together.

"Wait till we get to Ticonderoga," the manager would say to any one who faintly suggested the price of a breakfast.

Finally they did reach Ticonderoga. It was eventide and a rosy glow illumined the western sky.

"Ah, me," sighed Daniels to the stage driver. "The sun may set in other places, but never as it does here. Behold yon——"

"Sunset!" growled the driver. "Sun-

set hell! Thet's the opry house burnin' down."

"How far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows.

"No," put in the judge, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.

"When I arose to speak," related a martyred statesman, "some one hurled a base, cowardly egg at me and it struck me in the chest."

"And what kind of an egg might that be?" asked a fresh young man.

"A base, cowardly egg," explained the statesman, "is one that hits you and then runs."

Governor Glasscock of West Virginia, while traveling through Arizona, noticed the dry dusty appearance of the country.

"Doesn't it ever rain around here?" he asked one of the natives.

"Rain?" The native spat. "Rain? Why, say, pardner, there's bullfrogs in this yere town over five years old that hain't learned to swim yet."

Willie had tried by various means to interest his father in conversation.

"Can't you see I'm trying to read?" said the exasperated parent. "Now don't bother me."

Willie was silent for almost a minute. Then, reflectively:

"Awful accident in the subway today."

Father looked up with interest. "What's that?" he asked. "What was the accident in the subway?"

"Why," replied Willie, edging toward the door, "a woman had her eye on a seat and a man sat on it."

A love-smitten youth who was studying the approved methods of proposal asked one of his bachelor friends if he

thought that a young man should propose to a girl on his knees.

"If he doesn't," replied his friend, "the girl should get off."

As the celebrated soprano began to sing, little Johnnie became greatly exercised over the gesticulations of the orchestra conductor.

"What's that man shaking his stick at her for?" he demanded indignantly.

"Sh-h! He's not shaking his stick at her."

But Johnnie was not convinced.

"Then what in thunder's she hollering for?"

"Ay tank Ay go across the street and get the tailor to mend my vaist," drawled a Swedish foreman, showing his employer a very ragged vest.

"All right, John."

In a few minutes the Swede returned with his vest untouched.

"Aren't you going to have it mended?" asked the boss.

"Ay tank not in that shop," replied the Swede. "Ay ask him what he charge an' he say, 'Two dollar.' Then Ay ask him, 'Will you take the vaist in part payment?' an' he wouldn't do it."

Some people are never satisfied. For example, the prisoner who complained of the literature that the prison angel gave him to read.

"Nutt'n but continued stories," he grumbled. "An' I'm to be hung next Tuesday."

Some time ago a crowd of Bowery sports went over to Philadelphia to see a prize fight. One "wise guy," who, among other things, is something of a pickpocket, was so sure of the result that he was willing to bet on it.

"The Kid's goin' t' win. It's a pipe," he told a friend.

The friend expressed doubts.

"Sure he'll win," the pickpocket persisted. "I'll bet you a gold watch he wins."

Still the friend doubted.

"Why," exclaimed the pickpocket, "I'm willin' to bet you a good gold watch he wins! Y' know what I'll do? Come through the train with me now, an' y' can pick out any old watch y' like."

"Bobby," said the teacher, "how many zones are there?"

"Two," answered Bobby, with a little questioning note in his voice. Then, seeing the puzzled look that came into the teacher's face, he rattled on without a stop: "One male and one female; the male can be temperate or intemperate, the female frigid or torrid—" and he stopped for breath.

Mrs. Hicks was telling some ladies about the burglar scare in her house the night before.

"Yes," she said, "I heard a noise and got up, and there, from under the bed, I saw a man's legs sticking out."

"Mercy!" exclaimed a woman. "The burglar's legs?"

"No, my dear; my husband's legs. He heard the noise, too."

"And the streets are paved with *real gold*, and there will be music and flowers, and everything will be beautiful!" finished the Sunday-school teacher, who was telling her small charges of heaven.

"And now tell me," she continued, "what kind of little boys and girls are going there?"

Nobody knew. Then from one corner a small brown hand shot up. "Yes, Samuel?" the teacher smiled.

"Please, teacher, dead ones!"

An individual of the Weary Willie type was given ten cents by a philanthropic lady, who said, as she handed him the money:

"I am not giving you this because you begged, but for my own pleasure."

"Oh, ma'am," replied the tramp, "make it a quarter and thoroughly enjoy yourself."

Uncle Mose, needing money, sold his pig to the wealthy Northern lawyer who had just bought the neighboring plantation. After a time, needing more money, he stole the pig and resold it, this time to Judge Pickens, who lived "down the road a piece." Soon afterward the two gentlemen met and, upon comparing notes, suspected what had happened. They confronted Uncle Mose. The old darky cheerfully admitted his guilt.

"Well," demanded Judge Pickens, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Blessed ef I know, Jedge," replied Uncle Mose with a broad grin. "I'se no lawyer. I reckon I'll have to let yo' two gen'men settle it between yo'selves."

In order to play "Rosemary" some years ago, John Drew shaved off his mustache, thereby greatly changing his appearance. Shortly afterward he met Max Beerbohm in the lobby of a London theater, but could not just then recall who the latter was. Mr. Beerbohm's memory was better.

"Oh, Mr. Drew," he said, "I'm afraid you don't know me without your mustache."

A colored man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate.

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door.

"Yassuh," she replied between sobs.

"I want to see the remains."

"I is de remains," she answered proudly.

At an important state function in London, blue tickets were issued to persons of high rank, admitting them to that part of the hall reserved for members of the royal family. Less distinguished guests were given white tickets. Through some mistake, an important public man received a blue card while his wife received a white one.

When the couple reached the audience chamber, there began to be trouble, in-

asmuch as the lady firmly declined to be separated from her husband. An aide endeavored to reason with her, pointing out the dreadful consequences that would follow a mingling of blue and white.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the lady. "What do you take us for—a Seidlitz powder?"

She was permitted to enter with her husband.

"But why did you leave your last place?" the lady asked of the would-be cook.

"To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master an' the missus used to quarrel, mum."

"Dear me! Do you mean to say that they actually used to quarrel?"

"Yis, mum, all the time. When it wasn't me an' him, it was me an' her."

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down

the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something muster happen to Ole!'"

Great Britain may be behind in aerial navigation, but in other respects she seems to be far in the lead. For example: the experiments reported in a London paper of crossing carrier pigeons with parrots in the hope of gettin verbal messages through the enemy's lines.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by a kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth."

Edwin Stevens, when he first made up his mind to tackle vaudeville, applied to a very gruff manager who had a strong German accent and a great deal of business on hand.

"Vell," he growled, "vat do you want?"

"I would like to get into vaudeville," replied the candidate meekly.

"Vat do you do? Vat is your line?"

"I am a comedian, sir. I——"

"A komiker, *was?*" The manager faced him fiercely. "Vell, make me laugh!"

Long before the days of Directoire gowns, when appendicitis was still the most fashionable thing one could have, a friend of the late Senator Hoar was stricken down. For a time an operation was thought necessary, but it finally turned out that the trouble was not appendicitis at all—merely acute indigestion. Whereupon the venerable Massachusetts statesman sent this message of congratulation:

"I rejoice that the difficulty lay in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

The old housekeeper met the master at the door.

"If you please, sir, the cat has had chickens."

"Nonsense," he laughed. "You mean kittens, Mary. Cats don't have chickens."

"Well," inquired Mary, "was them kittens or was them chickens that you brought home last night?"

"Why, they were chickens, of course."

"Jus' so, sir. Well, the cat's had 'em."

A visitor to one of the hotels at Karlsbad was paid the most profound attention by the management. Neither he nor the other guests could figure out the cause of this marked deference until the appearance of the printed register, or Kurgast list. The visitor's name and address, James I. King, Buffalo, N. Y., had

been rendered by the native printer: James the First, King of Buffalo, N. Y.

The house committee of a New York club recently received this unique complaint:

"I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known gourmets. Among the other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing, as, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or forego, a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future, when an omelet is served for four persons, it should be either with (*a*) four flies, or (*b*) no flies at all."

At the Boston Immigration Station one blank was recently filled out as follows:

Name—Abraham Cherkowsky.

Born—Yes.
Business—Rotten.

"Please, mum," began the aged hero in appealing tones, as he stood at the kitchen-door on washday, "I've lost my leg——"

"Well, I ain't got it," snapped the woman, slamming the door.

A sickly lady, who was visiting a Minnesota health resort on the advice of her physician, was seated at the table next to a ruddy-faced, robust-looking young man.

"Have you improved much since you came here?" the lady asked.

"Wonderfully, ma'am," replied the young man.

"And were you in very bad health when you came?" she persisted.

"Bad health? Why, ma'am, when I first came here I was probably the weakest person you ever saw. I had practically no use of my limbs nor the use of a single faculty."

"Dear, dear! And you lived?"

"I certainly did, ma'am, although you really have no idea of how bad I was when I first arrived. I was absolutely dependent upon others for everything, being entirely without power to help myself. But I commenced to gain immediately upon my arrival, and haven't experienced a serious setback since."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" murmured the lady. "But do you think that your lungs were really affected?"

"Well, I suppose you'd call them sound, but they were possessed of so little vitality that if it hadn't been for the most careful nursing they'd probably have ceased their functions entirely."

"I trust you found kind friends here, sir?"

"Indeed I did, ma'am. It is to them and to the pure air of Minnesota that I owe my life. My father's family were with me, but, unfortunately, my mother was prostrated with a severe illness during the time of my greatest weakness."

"How sad! Surely, sir, you must

have been greatly reduced in flesh when you arrived here?"

"Yes, ma'am. They tell me that I only weighed nine pounds at the time of my birth here."

Two country women, mother and daughter, were at the circus for the first time. They were greatly taken with the menagerie. At last they came to the hippopotamus, and stood for several minutes transfixed in silent wonder. Then the mother turned to her daughter and said slowly and solemnly, "My! Ain't —he—plain?"

"Your husband will be all right now," said an English doctor to a woman whose husband was dangerously ill.

"What do you mean?" demanded the wife. "You told me 'e couldn't live a fortnight."

"Well, I'm going to cure him, after all," said the doctor. "Surely you are glad?"

The woman wrinkled her brows.

"Puts me in a bit of an 'ole," she said. "I've bin an' sold all 'is clothes to pay for 'is funeral."

A man addicted to walking in his sleep went to bed all right one night, but when he awoke he found himself on the street in the grasp of a policeman. "Hold on," he cried, "you mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist." To which the policeman replied: "I don't care what your religion is—ye can't walk the streets in yer nighty."

A. M. Downes, late secretary of New York's fire department, related at a dinner a fire story. "At the end of the first act of a drama," he said, "a man leaped hurriedly to his feet. 'I heard an alarm of fire,' he said. 'I must go and see where it is.' His wife, whose hearing was less acute, made way for him in silence, and he disappeared. 'It wasn't fire,' he said, on his return. 'Nor water, either,' said his wife, coldly."

"I don't want to be too hard on this dangerous contrivance of yours," said Lincoln Beachy, the aeronaut, in criticising the airship of a rival. "It's a bad affair from every standpoint, but I'm willing to let it down as easy as the man did the careless barber.

"The barber had evidently been out late the night before, for his hand was shaky and he cut his patron's cheek four times. After each offense he said, as he sponged off the blood, 'Oh, dear me, how careless!' and let it go at that.

"The patron said nothing, but when the shave was over he went to the water-cooler and filled his mouth with water. Then, with tightly compressed lips, he shook his head from side to side, and tossed it up and down.

"'What's the matter? Toothache?' asked the barber.

"'Oh, no,' replied the customer. 'I just wanted to see if my face would still hold water.'"

While an Irishman was gazing in the

window of a Washington bookstore the following sign caught his eye:

DICKENS' WORKS
All This Week for
Only $4.00.

"The divvle he does!" exclaimed Pat in disgust. "The dirty scab!"

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'? asked the Sunday-school teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Well, Willie?"

"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead.'"

One day, in the spring of '74, Cap. Smith's freight outfit pulled into Helena, Montana. After unloading the freight, the "mule-skinners," to a man, repaired to the Combination Gambling House and proceeded to load themselves. Late in

the afternoon, Zeb White, Smith's oldest skinner, having exchanged all of his hard coin for liquid refreshment, zigzagged into the corral, crawled under a wagon, and went to sleep. After supper, Smith, making his nightly rounds, happened on the sleeping Zeb.

"Kinder chilly, ain't it?" he asked, after earnestly prodding Zeb with a convenient stick.

"I reckon 'tis," Zeb drowsily mumbled.

"Ain't yer 'fraid ye'll freeze?"

"'Tis cold, ain't it? Say, Cap, jest throw on another wagon, will yer?"

A father, whose looks are not such as to warrant the breaking up of all existing statues of Apollo, tells this on himself:

"My little girl was sitting on my lap facing a mirror. After gazing intently at her reflection for some minutes she said: 'Papa, did God make you?'

"'Certainly, my dear,' I told her.

"'And did He make me, too?'—taking another look in the mirror.

"'Certainly, dear. What makes you ask?'

"'Oh, I don't know. Seems to me He's doin' better work lately.'"

A wealthy man, revisiting his native village, was telling his old cronies around the store stove how he had achieved his great success. At the close of his recital an old village character that he had known as a boy entered.

"How are you, Tom?" said the great man, holding out his hand. "And how have you been getting along all these years?"

The old fellow shifted his quid and spat.

"Wa'al," he said, "when I hit this town more'n forty years ago I didn't have a red cent, an' now—wa'al, I guess I'm holdin' my own all right."

A colored parson, calling upon one of his flock, found the object of his visit out in the back yard working among his hen-

coops. He noticed with surprise that that there were no chickens.

"Why, Brudder Brown," he asked, "whar'r all yo' chickens?"

"Huh," grunted Brother Brown without looking up, "some fool niggah lef' de do' open an' dey all went home."

The police-court magistrate of a town in southern Kentucky was walking down the street one November evening with his friend John Markham, a distiller.

"Judge," said Mr. Markham, "have you ever tried my Number One brand of Old Markham?"

"No, John," admitted the judge, "but I tried three men in court this morning who had tried it."

An Episcopal minister, who had but recently moved to a small town in the Pennsylvania coal regions, passed two youngsters on the street.

"Good morning, Father," said one of them, misled by the clerical garb.

"Don't you know nuttin'?" said the

other, contemptuously, when the minister was past. "Dat guy ain't no father. Why, he's married an' got two kids!"

"Speakin' of fertile soil," said the Kansan, when the others had had their say, "I never saw a place where melons growed like they used to out in my part of the country. The first season I planted 'em I thought my fortune was sure made. However, I didn't harvest one."

He waited for queries, but his friends knew him, and he was forced to continue unurged:

"The vines growed so fast that they wore out the melons draggin' 'em 'round. However, the second year my two little boys made up their minds to get a taste of one anyhow, so they took turns carryin' one along with the vine and——"

But his companions had already started toward the barroom door.

Several years ago Lord Clonmel brought to this country a string of race

horses, and at the close of the season Phil Dwyer gave a banquet in his honor. Sheriff Tom Dunn of New York was called upon for a speech.

"Faith and this is the wonderful country!" said Dunn. "I was a poor Irish lad and me dear old mother, God rest her soul, hardly had pennies enough to bring me over. And here I am to-night sitting cheek by jowl with Lord Clonmel himself! Why, me friends, back in the old Tipperary days I couldn't get near enough to his lordship to hit him with a shotgun!"

Mark Twain used to say that he always took woman's part.

"For instance," he related, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Missouri. Here was the occasion:

"'So this is a little girl, eh?' I said to her as she displayed her children to me. 'And this sturdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?'

"'Yassah,' the woman replied, 'yassah, dat's a girl, too.'"

Cortland Field Bishop, president of the Aero Club of New York, brought this one back from Europe free of duty:

"An American motorist went to Germany in his car to the army maneuvers. He was especially impressed with the German motor ambulances. As the tourist watched the maneuvers from a seat under a tree, the axle of one of the motor ambulances broke. Instantly the man leaped out, ran into the village, returned in a jiffy with a new axle, fixed it in place with wonderful skill, and teuff-teuffed off again almost as good as new.

"'There's efficiency for you,' said the American admiringly. 'There's German efficiency for you. No matter what breaks, there's always a stock near at hand from which to supply the needed part.'

"And praising the remarkable instance of German efficiency he had just witnessed, the tourist returned to the vil-

lage and ordered up his car. But he couldn't use it. The axle was missing."

"Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?" asked the proud young housewife.

"No," replied His Honor absently, "I never did. But I dare say they deserve it."

"Were you ever in prison?" demanded the prosecuting attorney insinuatingly.

"Yes, sir," admitted the gray-headed witness for the defense.

"Aha! I thought so. And what for, may I ask?"

"Assault and battery with intent to kill."

"And how long were you in prison?"

"Until I escaped, sir."

The prosecutor turned triumphantly to the gentlemen of the jury.

"So, gentlemen," he said, "we have here, as the chief witness for the defense, an ex-convict and fugitive from justice by his own confession!"

He turned again to the witness. "When and where were you in prison, sir?" he sneered.

The old man straightened up and spoke in a strong, clear voice:

"I was captured, sir, at the battle of Fort Harrison on the twenty-ninth of September, 1864, and sent to Libby Prison, Richmond. I effected my escape while being transferred to Salisbury, North Carolina. As to——"

But that was already more than the prosecutor wanted to know.

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.

An effeminate young man daintily placed two cents on a drugstore counter

and asked the clerk for a stamp. The clerk tore one off and slid it over to him. The young man drew an envelope from his pocket.

"Would you mind licking it for me and placing it on here?" he lisped.

"Sure," said the clerk, as he started to stamp the letter.

"Oh, stay!" cautioned the young man in great alarm. "Not that way, I beg of you. Kindly place the stamp with the top toward the outer edge of the envelope."

"Sure," said the obliging clerk. "But what in thunder's that for?"

"Why, you see," confided the youth blushingly, "I'm a student in the Cosmopolitan Correspondence School and that's our college yell."

"Well, did he pay you?" asked the wife of a dentist who had been to collect a bill for a full set of false teeth that he had made for a man almost a year before.

"Pay me!" growled the dentist. "Not only did he refuse to pay me, but he actu-

ally had the effrontery to gnash at me—with my teeth!"

A young artist once persuaded Whistler to come and view his latest effort. The two stood before the canvas for some moments in silence. Finally the young man asked timidly, "Don't you think, sir, that this painting of mine is—well—er—tolerable?"

Whistler's eyes twinkled dangerously. "What is your opinion of a tolerable egg?" he asked.

A lady in a Southern town was approached by her colored maid.

"Please, Miss Mary," began the maid, "kin I have de afternoon off a week from nex' Wednesday?" Then, noticing an undecided look in her mistress's face, she added hastily—"I want to go to mah fiancé's funeral."

"Your fiancé's funeral!" exclaimed the the lady. "Why, Jenny, you don't even know that he's going to die, let alone the exact day of his funeral. That is one

thing we can't any of us be sure about—when we are going to die."

"Yes'm," said the girl doubtfully. Then, with a triumphant note in her voice: "But I'se sure about him, Miss; he's a-gwine to be hung!"

The stranger laid down four aces and scooped in the pot.

"This game ain't on the level," protested Sagebrush Sam, at the same time producing a gun to lend force to his accusation. "That ain't the hand I dealt ye!"

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers." His friends congratulated him upon this splendid achievement.

"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-deucedly d-d-d-difficult rem-mark to w-w-work into an ordin-n-nary c-c-convers-s-sa-tion, y'know."

A doctor came up to a patient in an insane asylum, slapped him on the back, and said: "Well, old man, you're all right. You can run along and write your folks that you'll be back home in two weeks as good as new."

The patient went off gayly to write his letter. He had it finished and sealed, but when he was licking the stamp it slipped through his fingers to the floor, lighted on the back of a cockroach that was passing, and stuck. The patient hadn't seen the cockroach—what he did see was his escaped postage stamp zigzagging aimlessly across the floor to the baseboard, wavering up over the baseboard, and following a crooked track up the wall and across the ceiling. In depressed silence he tore up the letter he had just written and dropped the pieces on the floor.

"Two weeks! Hell!" he said. "I won't be out of here in three years."

A gypsy, upon release from jail, met a friend.

"What were you in for?" asked the friend.

"I found a horse."

"Found a horse? Nonsense! They wouldn't jug you for finding a horse."

"Well, but you see I found him before the owner lost him."

Mr. Fred Stone, the singing comedian, and Mr. Eugene Wood, the writer, met on Broadway recently. They stopped for a moment to exchange a few cheerful views, when a woman in a particularly noticeable gown passed. Simultaneously, Wood turned to Stone; Stone turned to Wood; then both turned to rubber.

The garrulous old lady in the stern of the boat had pestered the guide with her comments and questions ever since they had started. Her meek little husband, who was hunched toad-like in the bow, fished in silence. The old lady had seemingly exhausted every possible point in

fish and animal life, woodcraft, and personal history when she suddenly espied one of those curious paths of oily, unbroken water frequently seen on small lakes which are ruffled by a light breeze.

"Oh, guide, guide," she exclaimed, "what makes that funny streak in the water—No, there—Right over there!"

The guide was busy re-baiting the old gentleman's hook and merely mumbled "U-m-mm."

"Guide," repeated the old lady in tones that were not to be denied, "look right over there where I'm pointing and tell me what makes that funny streak in the water."

The guide looked up from his baiting with a sigh.

"That? Oh, that's where the road went across the ice last winter."

"When a man has a rip in his coat and only three buttons on his vest," writes a Western sage, "he should do one of two things: either get married or get divorced."

"Ugh!" spluttered Mr. Jones. "That nut had a worm in it."

"Here," urged a friend, offering him a glass of water, "drink this and wash it down."

"Wash it down!" growled Jones. "Why should I? Let him walk!"

"What's all the row over on the next block?" a reporter asked a policeman.

"Aw, only a wooden weddin'."

"A wooden wedding?"

"Sure. A couple of Poles is gettin' married."

Secretary Knox, at a recent Elks' convention, told this state secret:

A delegation from Kansas once visited President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. The President met them with coat and collar off, mopping his brow.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "dee-lighted to see you. Dee-lighted. But I'm very busy putting in my hay just now. Come down to the barn with me and we'll talk things over while I work."

Down to the barn hustled President and delegation.

Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork and—but where was the hay?

"John!" shouted the President. "John! where's all the hay?"

"Sorry, sir," came John's voice from the loft, "but I ain't had time to throw it back since you threw it up for yesterday's delegation."

"Queer, isn't it?"

"What's queer?"

"Why, the night falls——"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't break."

"No."

"And the day breaks——"

"Yes."

"But it doesn't fall." And he was gone.

"Mugs" McGraw and his New York baseball players sat on the piazza of the hotel at Marlin, Texas, where the New York team was doing its early training.

A ragged darky hung about in front of their uptilted chairs for half an hour or more waiting for an opportunity to express his needs. McGraw passed the wink for everybody to ignore the colored brother's obvious desire to make a plea.

A factory whistle blew.

"M'm'mp-e-e-e-e!" sighed the darky with an explosive effect that commanded the attention of everybody. "Dar she goes! It means dinner-time for some people—but it doan mean nothin' but twelve o'clock to me!"

He got his dinner money.

Little Muriel flew into the house flushed and breathless.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me for being late to tea, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so of course I had to stay. And after I'd waited and waited, he came, and oh, mother, what do you think? It wasn't a horse doctor at all. It was only a man!"

This story would seem to show that colored people have tough heads:

Dinah, crying bitterly, was coming down the street with her feet bandaged.

"Why, what on earth's the matter?" she was asked. "How did you hurt your feet, Dinah?"

"Dat good fo' nothin' nigger (sniffle) done hit me on de haid wif a club while I was standin' on de hard stone pavement."

A Boston lawyer, who brought his wit from his native Dublin, while cross-examining the plaintiff in a divorce trial, brought forth the following:

"You wish to divorce this woman because she drinks?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you drink yourself?"

"That's my business!"—angrily.

Whereupon the unmoved lawyer asked:

"Have you any other business?"

Si Perkins had never been surprised in all his life. When it snowed in the latter

part of April, he allowed he'd sorter felt it in the air for some time; when Jedge Abbott's barn burned, Si thought it was about time; and when the town hall was struck by lightning, he merely shrugged his shoulders and said he'd told 'em that them lightnin' rods wasn't any account when they were first talkin' of puttin' 'em up. Mrs. Perkins had just about given up all hope of ever exciting her husband's wonder when a friend told her of a marvelous conjurer who was showing at a variety theater in Boston. She took Si.

When the conjurer called for a volunteer from the audience, Mrs. Perkins urged her husband to go up on the stage. He did. She watched expectantly as the "professor" extracted a five-dollar gold piece from Si's ear, passed a watch through his back, and extracted yards and yards of ticker tape from his shoes. Si looked bored. Finally the conjurer began to coax at Si's beard and, to the amazement of the spectators, out hopped three little white rabbits.

"Wal," said Mrs. Perkins triumphantly when Si resumed his seat, "I guess that surprised ye some, didn't it?"

Si seemed almost surprised that she should think so. "Why, no," he finally drawled. "I didn't like to say nothin' about it, but I've been sorter suspectin' that them rabbits wus thar for some time."

Uncle Toby was aghast at finding a strange darky with his arm around Mandy's waist.

"Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm 'way from round yo' waist," he indignantly commanded.

"Tell him yo'self," said Mandy, haughtily. "He's a puffect stranger to me."

John L. Sullivan was asked why he had never taken to giving boxing lessons.

"Well, son, I tried it once," replied Mr. Sullivan. "A husky young man took one lesson from me and went home a little the worse for wear. When he

came around for his second lesson he said: 'Mr. Sullivan, it was my idea to learn enough about boxing from you to be able to lick a certain young gentleman what I've got it in for. But I've changed my mind,' says he. 'If it's all the same to you, Mr. Sullivan, I'll send this young gentleman down here to take the rest of my lessons for me.'"

"It was a long and tedious speech," said Simeon Ford, "but I listened attentively. I like to have people listen to my speeches, you know, and turn about is fair play. Well, I'm glad I did listen, because if I hadn't I'd missed one of the best windups I ever heard.

"'And now,' said the speaker, just as we were all ready to drop off to sleep, 'as Lady Godiva remarked when she was returning from her ride, "I am drawing near my clothes."'"

Shortly after Raymond Hitchcock made his first big hit in New York, Eddie Foy, who was also playing in town,

happened to be passing Daly's Theater, and paused to look at the pictures of Hitchcock and his company that adorned the entrance. Near the pictures was a billboard covered with laudatory extracts from newspaper criticisms of the show.

When Foy had moodily read to the bottom of the list, he turned to an unobtrusive young man who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Say, have you seen this show?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Any good? How's this guy Hitchcock, anyhow?"

"Any good?" repeated the young man pityingly. "Why, say, he's the best in the business. He's got all these other would-be side-ticklers lashed to the mast. He's a scream. Never laughed so much at anyone in all my life."

"Is he as good as Foy?" ventured Foy hopefully.

"As good as Foy!" The young man's scorn was superb. "Why, this Hitch-

cock has got that Foy person looking like a gloom. They're not in the same class. Hitchcock is funny. A man with feelings can't compare them. I'm sorry you asked me, I feel so strongly about it."

Eddie looked at him very sternly and then, in the hollow tones of a tragedian, he said:

"I am Foy."

"I know you are," said the young man cheerfully. "I'm Hitchcock!"

Year after year an old farmer had listened in grim silence to the trains thundering by his land. Finally, one day, his patience at an end, he dropped his plow and shook his fist at the passing express.

"Ye can puff an' blow all ye like, gol durn ye," he cried, "but I'm goin' to ride ye Saturday!"

A dignified, middle-aged gentleman was trying to read in a crowded train. Among the passengers was a lady with

a very sprightly little blue-eyed girl with golden hair and an inquisitive tongue. She asked the dignified gentleman numerous questions, played with his watch chain, and endeavored to determine by means of the buttons on his waistcoat whether he was rich man, poor man, beggar man, or thief.

The mother fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and turning to the lady said:

"Madam, what do you call this sweet little child?"

"Ethel," replied the mother with a smile.

"Please call her, then."

"Now remember, Mary," the teacher said just before the school exercises, "if you forget some of the words when you are singing your song, don't stop. Keep right on. Say tum-tum-tummy-tum or something like that, and the words will come back to you and nobody will know the difference. Now don't forget."

On exhibition day little Mary (what's

in a name?) edified her audience with something like this:

" . . . And she wears a wreath
of roses
Around her tummy-tum-tum."

It was sentence day in the city court. A man in the prisoners' pen who had been sentenced to two years for larceny, began to cry softly. The big man next to him, who was going to serve seven years for bigamy, said:

"Aw, wotcher snifflin' about?"

"I'm—I'm—th-th-thinkin' about leavin' (sob) my—my—family. Lea-leavin' my wife——"

"Aw, cut it out! Look at me I ain't cryin', am I? An' I'm leavin' two of 'em."

At a London dinner recently the conversation turned to the various methods of working employed by literary geniuses. Among the examples cited was that of a well-known poet, who, it was said, was wont to arouse his wife about four o'clock

in the morning and exclaim, "Maria, get up; I've thought of a good word!" Whereupon the poet's obedient helpmate would crawl out of bed and make a note of the thought-of word.

About an hour later, like as not, a new inspiration would seize the bard, whereupon he would again arouse his wife, saying, "Maria, Maria, get up! I've thought of a better word!"

The company in general listened to the story with admiration, but a merry-eyed American girl remarked: "Well, if he'd been my husband I should have replied, 'Alpheus, get up yourself; I've thought of a bad word!'"

"You Hamericans say we 'ave no 'umor," said the loyal Britisher, "but I'll 'ave you understand, sir, that Henglish jokes are not to be laughed at!"

One Saturday, shortly before the close of business, Kuhn, Loeb and Company had occasion to send some bonds to J. Pierpont Morgan. As all the other em-

ployes had left, it was necessary to entrust the negro porter with the errand. He received careful instructions to take the valuable package to Mr. Morgan's office, and to insist upon giving it to "Mr. Morgan of J. P. Morgan and Company and to no one else."

By commendable persistence and many repetitions of his instructions he finally succeeded in reaching Mr. Morgan, who was in session with several other gentlemen in his private office.

"Ah wants to see Mr. Mawgan ob J. Piehpon' Mawgan an' Comp'ny," he doggedly insisted.

Mr. Morgan arose. "Well, I'm Mr. Morgan," he said. "Who are you?"

"Who—er—me?" stammered the porter. "Why, I'se de coon ob Kuhn, Loeb an' Comp'ny, an' heah's de papers Ah done brung yo'."

Some federal officers in the Civil War once sought shelter for the night in an old, tumble-down shack. About two o'clock a polecat announced its presence

in its own peculiar way. A German sat up and looked helplessly about him. The others were all sleeping peacefully.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed in tones of despair. "All de rest ashleep, und I've got to shmell it all!"

A judge, disgusted with a jury that seemed unable to reach an agreement in a perfectly evident case, rose and said, "I discharge this jury."

One sensitive talesman, indignant at what he considered a rebuke, obstinately faced the judge.

"You can't discharge me," he said in tones of one standing upon his rights.

"And why not?" asked the surprised judge.

"Because," announced the juror, pointing to the lawyer for the defense, "I'm being hired by that man there!"

The self-made millionaire who had endowed the school had been invited to make the opening speech at the commencement exercises. He had not often

had a chance of speaking before the public and he was resolved to make the most of it. He dragged his address out most tiresomely, repeating the same thought over and over. Unable to stand it any longer a couple of boys in the rear of the room slipped out. A coachman who was waiting outside asked them if the millionaire had finished his speech.

"Gee, yes," replied the boys, "but he won't stop."

Mrs. Rorer, of cook-book fame, tells of seeing a maid drop and break a beautiful platter at a dinner recently. The host did not permit a trifle like this to ruffle him in the least.

"These little accidents happen 'most every day," he said apologetically. "You see, she isn't a trained waitress. She was a dairymaid originally, but she had to abandon that occupation on account of her inability to handle the cows without breaking their horns."

A filthy fellow applied for a position

as porter with a large concern where help was badly needed. The manager looked him over doubtfully. Finally he handed him a half dollar.

"Go uptown and take a bath," he told him. "Then come back and maybe I'll be able to take you on."

The fellow started for the door.

"And, oh, by the way," the manager called after him, "if there's any change left, take another bath."

The class at Heidelberg was studying English conjugations, and each verb considered was used in a model sentence, so that the students would gain the benefit of pronouncing the connected series of words, as well as learning the varying forms of the verb. One morning it was the verb "to have" in the sentence, "I have a gold mine."

Herr Schmitz was called to his feet by Professor Wulf.

"Gonjugate 'do haff' in der sentence, 'I haff a golt mine,'" the professor ordered.

Herr Schmitz proceeded:

"I haff a golt mine, du hast a golt dein, he hass a golt hiss. Ve, you or dey haff a golt ours, yours or deirs, as de case may be."

A passenger on a New York and Chicago limited train, upon looking under his berth in the morning, found one black shoe and one tan shoe. He called the porter's attention to the error. The porter scratched his woolly head in bewilderment.

"Well, an' don't dat beat all!" he said. "Dat's de second time dis mawnin' dat dat mistake's happened!"

"My opponent's argument," said Senator Dolliver in a recent campaign, "has about as much logic—Did you ever hear about the young woman in Fort Dodge? One spring morning she sat on the piazza of her pretty little home sewing a button on her husband's coat. The husband himself appeared and she said, fretfully,

'It's a perfect shame the careless way the tailor sewed this button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you.'"

Once, while Bishop Talbot, the giant "cowboy bishop," was attending a meeting of church dignitaries in St. Paul, a tramp accosted a group of churchmen on the hotel porch and asked for aid.

"No," one of them told him, "I'm afraid we can't help you. But you see that big man over there?" pointing to Bishop Talbot. "Well, he's the youngest bishop of us all, and he's a very generous man. You might try him."

The tramp approached Bishop Talbot confidently. The others watched with interest. They saw a look of surprise come over the tramp's face. The bishop was talking eagerly. The tramp looked troubled. And then, finally, they saw something pass from one hand to the other. The tramp tried to slink past the group without speaking, but one of them called to him:

"Well, did you get something from our young brother?"

The tramp grinned sheepishly. "No," he admitted, "I gave him a dollar for his darned old cathedral at Laramie!"

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor, "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."

The head of a large business house bought a number of those "Do It Now!" signs and hung them up around his offices. They were effective beyond expectations—too effective, in fact. When, after the first few days of the signs, he counted up results, he found that the cashier had skipped out with $20,000, the head bookkeeper had eloped with the best stenographer, three clerks had asked for a raise in salary, and the office boy

had lit out for the West to become a highwayman.

Tactful and delicate, even for a Frenchman, was the reply made by a Parisian who had not found "life on the ocean wave" all for which one could wish. He was sinking, pale and haggard, into his steamer chair when his neighbor cheerily asked:

"Have you breakfasted, monsieur?"

"No, m'sieur," answered the Frenchman with a wan smile, "I have not breakfasted. On the contrary!"

"Father's trip abroad did him so much good," said the self-made man's daughter. "He look's better, feels better, and as for appetite—honestly, it would just do you heart good to hear him eat!"

At dinner the professor of history was seated between two young ladies, who, in accordance with their training in the art of conversation, sought to draw him out upon the subject in which he was most

interested. They did not meet with much success; his answers were short—"Yes," "Oliver Cromwell," "No," "1492," and the like.

Finally one of them in desperation ventured:

"Professor, we were wondering only this afternoon, and none of us could remember: How many children did Mary, Queen of Scots, have?"

This was too much. "Madam," said the professor, facing her with squelching dignity, "I am not a scandalmonger."

Before becoming a hotel clerk he had worked in a grocery store.

"Is Judge David Poggenburg stopping here?" asked an impressive-looking stranger, approaching the desk.

"No," replied the clerk with his most winning manner, "but—er—we have something else just as good."

"The legislators who oppose laws compelling the pasteurization of milk," said Nathan Straus, "bring forward argu-

ments about as weak as that of the Maine milkman.

"A lady summering in Maine said to her milkman severely:

"'See here, this milk of yours is half water and half chalk. What do you mean by advertising it as pure?'

"'Madam,' said the milk manufacturer with withering scorn, 'to the pure all things are pure.'"

A moderately fond father discovered his young hopeful reading a dime novel.

"Unhand me, villain," the detected boy thundered, "or there will be bloodshed!"

"No," said the father grimly, tightening his hold on his son's collar. "Not bloodshed—woodshed."

The courtroom was crowded. A wife was seeking divorce on the grounds of extreme cruelty and abusive treatment. Guns, axes, rollingpins, and stinging invectives seemed to have played a prominent part in the plaintiff's married life.

The husband was on the stand, under-

going a grueling cross-examination. The examining attorney said:

"You have testified that your wife on one occasion threw cayenne pepper in your face. Now, sir, kindly tell us what you did on that occasion."

The witness hesitated and looked confused. Everyone expected that he was about to confess to some shocking act of cruelty. But their hopes were shattered when he finally blurted out:

"I sneezed."

Two chorus ladies were at one of Victor Herbert's concerts on complimentary tickets.

"My," exclaimed one of them with a glance at her programme, "hasn't Mr. Herbert a tremendous repertory!"

"Well, I wouldn't exactly say that," replied her friend, "but he is getting pretty fat."

William had just returned from college, resplendent in peg-top trousers, silk hosiery, a fancy waistcoat, and a necktie

that spoke for itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked, the more disgusted he became.

"Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a d—— fool!"

Later, the old Major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty-five years ago when he came back from school!"

"Yes," replied William with a smile, "so father was just telling me."

The stranger advanced toward the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow.

"Good morning," said the stranger politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole."

"So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to the other hand.

A New York boy brought home with

him from college a friend who had not visited the metropolis for five years. After a day of sightseeing, the two were walking down Broadway near Twelfth Street.

"Oh, Jack," said the guide suddenly, "you remember Grace Church, don't you?"

"Let's see," replied the other with signs of interest, "what company was she in?"

"It is not always necessary to make a direct accusation," said the lawyer who was asking damages because insinuations had been made against his client's good name. "You may have heard of the woman who called to the hired girl, 'Mary, Mary, come here and take the parrot downstairs—the master has dropped his collar button!'"

The wagons of the "greatest show on earth" passed up the avenue at daybreak. Their incessant rumble soon awakened ten-year-old Billie and his five-year-old

brother Robert. Their mother feigned sleep as the two white-robed figures crept past her bed into the hall, on the way to investigate. Robert struggled manfully with the unaccustomed task of putting on his clothes. "Wait for me, Billie," his mother heard him plead. "You'll get ahead of me."

"Get mother to help you," counseled Billie, who was having troubles of his own.

Mother started to the rescue, and then paused as she heard the voice of her younger, guarded but anxious and insistent:

"You ask her, Billie. You've known her longer than I have."

A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did ye wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Vell, if I did," he assured her with

an apologetic grin, "I got my vish; thank you."

Habits are hard to break. An automobile enthusiast bought a motor boat and took a day's instruction in the art of managing it. Next day he started out in it alone. It was late in the afternoon when he returned home. He came in the back way. His clothes were wet and his hair was hanging over his eyes in strings.

"John!" exclaimed his wife. "What on earth——"

"It's all right, Mary," he hastened to assure her. "No, I didn't upset. Everything's all right. But when I had been out on the water a couple of hours something went wrong with the motor and——"

"Yes——"

"Well, before I—er—realized it I was over the side and trying to get under the fool thing to fix it."

A few years before his death, Fred-

eric Remington, fresh from a Western trip on which he had been making studies of Indians and cowpunchers and things outdoors, met an art editor who insisted upon dragging him up to an exhibition of very impressionistic pictures.

"You don't seem enthusiastic," remarked the editor as they were coming out. "Didn't you like them?"

Remington, remembering what he had been told as a boy, counted ten before replying. Then:

"Like 'em? Say! I've got a couple of maiden aunts in New Rochelle that can knit better pictures than those!"

The golden-haired song bird had just bowed to her audience when a man rushed frantically upon the stage and cried:

"Is there a physician in the house?"

A young man in the third row, bristling with importance, arose.

"Say, Doc," asked the man on the stage, with a jerk of his thumb toward the singer, "ain't she a beaut?"

"Didn't I tell ye to feed that cat a pound of meat every day until ye had her fat?" demanded an Irish shopkeeper, nodding toward a sickly, emaciated cat that was slinking through the store.

"Ye did thot," replied his assistant, "an' I've just been after feedin' her a pound of meat this very minute."

"Faith, an' I don't believe ye. Bring me the scales."

The poor cat was lifted into the scales. They balanced at exactly one pound.

"There!" exclaimed the assistant triumphantly. "Didn't I tell ye she'd had her pound of meat?"

"That's right," admitted the boss, scratching his head. "That's yer pound of meat all right. But"—his eyes suddenly twinkling—"where the divvil is the cat?"

Mark Twain's Mississippi steamboat that had to stop every time it whistled has its counterpart in a little single-track trolley line near Plymouth, Mass. This

line runs two cars in summer and one in winter. A passenger last summer, noticing that the car ran very slowly except at rare intervals, when it would spurt ahead for a moment or two was greatly puzzled.

"What makes these sudden bursts of speed?" he asked the motorman.

"Oh," grinned the motorman, "that comes when the car at the other end of the line stops for passengers."

A gentleman of Arizona once hanged himself to the bed post by his suspenders. The verdict of the coroner's jury was:

"Deceased came to his death by coming home full and mistaking himself for his pants."

A woman entered a police station in Holland and asked the officer in charge to have the canals dragged.

"My husband has been threatening, for some time, to drown himself," she

explained, "and he's been missing now for two days."

"Anything peculiar about him by which he can be recognized?" asked the officer, preparing to fill out a description blank.

For several moments the woman seemed to be searching her memory. Suddenly her face brightened.

"Why, yes, sir. He's deaf."

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash, an' de rest in legal advice."

They were discussing the relative position of various countries as musical centers. Germany seemed to have the most votaries, much to the evident displeasure of one excitable Italian. "Italy is turning out the most musicians, and has always turned out the most," he cried.

"Ach Gott!" exclaimed one of the Germans. "Can you blame her?"

While building a house, Senator Platt of Connecticut had occasion to employ a carpenter. One of the applicants was a plain Connecticut Yankee, without any frills.

"You thoroughly understand carpentry?" asked the senator.

"Yes, sir."

"You can make doors, windows and blinds?"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"How would you make a Venetian blind?"

The man scratched his head and thought deeply for a few seconds. "I should think, sir," he said finally, "about the best way would be to poke him in the eye."

One Fourth of July night in London, the Empire Music Hall advertised special attractions to American visitors. All over the auditorium the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes enfolded one another, and at the interludes were heard "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia," while a quartette sang "Down upon the Suwanee River." It was an occasion to swell the heart of an exiled patriot. Finally came the turn of the Human Encyclopedia, who advanced to the front of the stage and announced himself ready to answer, sight unseen, all questions the audience might propound. A volley of queries was fired at him, and the Encyclopedia breathlessly told the distance of the earth from Mars,

the number of bones in the human skeleton, of square miles in the British Empire, and other equally important facts. There was a brief pause, in which an American stood up.

"What great event took place July 4, 1776?" he propounded in a loud, glad voice.

The Human Encyclopedia glared at him. "Th' hincident you speak of, sir, was a hinfamous houtrage!"

Long, long ago, in the days before certain Maine laws were laws, a man named Wing furnished accommodation "for man and beast" at his inn at Middle Granville. He was very deaf, almost as deaf as his chief crony Fish, the village painter. One day when Wing and Fish were both sitting in the tap-room a traveler from the South dropped in to inquire the distance to Brandon.

"Brandy?" said the host, jumping to his feet. "Yes, I've got some." He placed a decanter of the precious fluid on the counter.

"You misunderstood me, sir," said the stranger. "I asked how far it was to Brandon."

"They call it pretty good brandy," Wing assured him. "Will you take sugar with it?"

The traveler turned in despair to Fish. "Mine host seems to be hard of hearing. Will you kindly tell me how far it is to Brandon?"

"Thank you," said Fish. "I don't care if I do."

The stranger treated and fled.

"Where are you goin', ma?" asked the youngest of five children.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Are we all goin', too?"

"No, dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments' deep thought:

"Say, ma, then don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you did take us all?"

"Alert?" repeated Senator Hopkins

when questioned concerning one of his colleagues. "Why, he's as alert and clever as the Aurora bridegroom I heard of the other day. You know how bridegrooms starting off on their honeymoons have a way of forgetting all about their brides and buying tickets only for themselves? Well, that's what this Aurora bridegroom did. And when his wife said to him, 'Why, John, you only bought one ticket,' he answered without a moment's hesitation: 'By Jove, you're right, dear! I'd forgotten myself entirely!'"

Marshall Field, 3rd, according to a story that was going the rounds several years ago, bids fair to become a very cautious business man when he grows up. Approaching an old lady in a Lakewood hotel, he said:

"Can you crack nuts?"

"No, dear," the old lady replied. "I lost all my teeth ages ago."

"Then," requested Master Field, extending two hands full of pecans, "please

hold these while I go and get some more."

A Mormon's wife, coming downstairs one morning, met the physician who was attending her husband.

"Is he very ill?" she asked anxiously.

"He is," replied the physician. "I fear that the end is not far off."

"Do you think," she asked hesitatingly, "do you think it proper that I should be at his bedside during his last moments?"

"Yes. But I advise you to hurry, madam. The best places are already being taken."

The enterprising manager of a little lyric theater in northern Pennsylvania believes in profiting by the misfortunes of others. One day he displayed the following sign in his house:

Do Not Smoke
Remember The Iroquois Fire

So great was the efficacy of this that before the end of the week he put up another:

Remember The Johnstown Flood
Do Not Spit

A believer in organized charity cites the following as an example of misdirected tenderheartedness:

A very benevolent but absent-minded old gentleman, riding in his carriage one hot July day, noticed a toad in the dusty road gasping with the heat. In the kindness of his heart he climbed down, tenderly moved the poor toad into the shade of his carriage, and then, thoroughly satisfied with his good deed, climbed up again and drove on.

Ezekiel, a Florida darky, had no stockings, so the night before Christmas he hung his trousers in the chimney of the tumble-down shack that he calls his home. Christmas morning a Northern lady, calling at the cabin with some

presents for the family, was greeted by Ezekiel's doleful face protruding from a narrow opening in the door. After wishing him a merry Christmas, the lady asked him what presents he had received.

"Ah reckon Ah must have got a nigger," said Ezekiel. "Mah pants is gone."

At a dinner given by the prime minister of a little kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula, a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the minister of justice, who had been sitting on his left, had stolen his watch.

"Ah, he shouldn't have done that," said the prime minister in tones of annoyance. "I will get it back for you."

Sure enough, toward the end of the evening the watch was returned to its owner.

"And what did he say?" asked the diplomat.

"Sh-h," cautioned the host, glancing anxiously about him. "He doesn't know that I've got it back."

Aunt Anne, an old family darky, was sitting with knees crossed, moaning, when the young daughter of the house entered the kitchen and, impressed with the hugeness of the old woman's feet, asked what size shoe she wore.

"Well, honey," replied Aunt Anne, "I kin wear eights; I ginerally wear nines; but dese yer I'se got on am twelves, an' de good Lawd knows dey hu'ts me!"

"One day," related Denny to his friend Jerry, "when Oi had wandered too far inland on me shore leave Oi suddenly found thot there was a great big haythen, tin feet tall, chasin' me wid a knife as long as yer ar-rm. Oi took to me heels an' for fifty miles along the road we had it nip an' tuck. Thin Oi turned into the woods an' we run for one hundhred an' twinty miles more, wid him gainin' on me steadily, owin' to his knowledge of the counthry. Finally, just as Oi could feel his hot breath burnin' on the back of me neck, we came to a big

lake. Wid one great leap Oi landed safe on the opposite shore, lavin' me pursuer confounded an' impotent wid rage."

"Faith an' thot was no great jump," commented Jerry, "considerin' the runnin' sthart ye had."

A pessimistic young man dining alone in a restaurant ordered broiled live lobster. When the waiter put it on the table it was obviously minus one claw. The pessimistic young man promptly kicked. The waiter said it was unavoidable—there had been a fight in the kitchen between two lobsters. The other one had torn off one of the claws of this one and had eaten it. The young man pushed the lobster away from him.

"Take it away," he said wearily, "and bring me the winner."

The foreman reported that the jury were unable to agree upon a verdict. The judge rebuked them, saying that the case was a very clear one, and remanded them

back to the jury room for further deliberation.

"And if you do not reach an agreement before evening," the judge added, "I will have twelve suppers sent in to you."

"May it please your honor," spoke up the foreman in an irritated tone, "you had better make it eleven suppers and one bundle of hay."

A wizened little man charged his wife with cruel and abusive treatment. His better half, or in this case better two-thirds, was a big, square-jawed woman with a determined eye.

The judge listened to the plaintiff's recital of wrongs with interest.

"Where did you meet this woman who, according to your story, has treated you so dreadfully?" his honor asked.

"Well, judge," replied the little man, making a brave attempt to glare defiantly at his wife, "I never did meet her. She just kind of overtook me."

A traveler passing through the Broad Top Mountain district in northern Bedford county, Pennsylvania, came across a lad of sixteen cultivating a patch of miserable potatoes. He remarked upon their miserable appearance and expressed pity for anyone who had to dig a living out of such soil.

"I don't need no pity," said the boy resentfully.

The traveler hastened to soothe his wounded pride. But in the offended tone of one who has been misjudged the boy said:

"I ain't as poor as you think. I'm only workin' here. I don't own this place."

A colored woman was brought before a West Virginia magistrate charged with inhuman treatment of her child. Evidence was clear that she had severely beaten the youngster, who was in court to exhibit his marks and bruises. Before imposing sentence the magistrate asked the woman if she had anything to say.

"Kin Ah ask yo' honah a question?"

His honor nodded.

"Well, then, yo' honah, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent ob a puffeckly wuthless culled chile?"

Two men met on the street. They hadn't seen each other for months. One of them had a wife who occasionally figured in the society columns. After they had exchanged views on things in general, the other man asked, "Is your wife entertaining this winter?"

"Not very," was the expressive reply.

Augustus Thomas, the playwright, tells of a hunting trip he once took in the South. They were after 'coons and 'possums, but the only trail the dogs struck was one which made them put their tails between their legs and turn for home.

"Just what does a polecat look like?" Mr. Thomas asked one of his negro guides.

"A polecat, boss? Why, a polecat's somefin' like a kitten, only prettier. Yes,

a polecat's a heap prettier'n a kitten, ain't it, Sam?" he said, turning to another negro for corroboration.

Sam did not seem so sure. He hesitated a moment.

"Well," he replied, scratching his wool, "it's always been mah contention dat handsome is as handsome does."

"Women's minds are much cleaner than men's," remarked Mrs. Oliver Herford.

"They ought to be," replied her husband; "they change them so much oftener."

This is a story of Italian revenge. A vendor of plaster statuettes saw a chance for a sale in a well-dressed, bibulous man who was tacking down the street.

"You buy-a de statuette?" he asked, alluringly holding out his choicest offering. "Gar-r-ribaldi—I sell-a him verra cheap. De gr-eat-a Gar-r-ribaldi—only thirta cents!"

"Oh, t'ell with Garibaldi," said the

bibulous one, making a swipe with his arm that sent Garibaldi crashing to the sidewalk.

For a moment the Italian regarded the fragments. Then, his eyes flashing fire, he seized from his stock a statuette of George Washington. "You t'ell-a with my Gar-r-ribaldi?" he hissed between his teeth. "So." He raised the immortal George high above his head and—crash! it flew into fragments alongside of the ill-fated Garibaldi. "Ha! I to hell-a wid your George Wash! Ha! ha!"

INDEX

Numbers refer to pages; letters to order of anecdotes on the page.

Absentmindedness, 70a, 96b, 126a, 163a.
Actors and the Stage, 87a, 95, 136, 150b, 152b, 159a, 170, 176, 183b, 187a, 208a, 213c, 216b, 233b, 237, 246b.
Adaptability, 120, 244b, 249a.
Adulteration. See Substitution.
Advertising, 14a, 15, 22, 75a, 85a, 125b, 144b, 194b, 228b, 246b.
Animals, 5a, 8b, 14c, 22, 37b, 42, 82b, 127, 174a, 188a, 192a, 207b, 222, 238a. See Fish and Game.
Army, 63, 85b, 91a, 106a, 134a, 139a, 145b, 161b. See Veterans, War.
Artists, 50a, 52, 94, 161a, 171b, 205a, 236b.
Automobiles, 195a, 201, 236a.

Barbers, 58a, 106a, 194a.
Baseball, 157a, 169a, 211b.
Bores, 25. See Speeches.
Business, 48a, 118a, 126b, 142a, 154, 173a, 189b, 213b, 228b.

Caution, 49b, 173b, 245.
Chicken Stealing, 90b, 197b.
Childhood, 4a, 16b, 27a, 33a, 36, 37b, 46a, 50b, 53b, 65b, 82a, 103a, 107a, 107b, 113b, 121b,

129b, 150a, 155b, 169b, 182a, 196, 234b, 244. See Parents, Schools.
Clergymen, 24b, 49a, 56b, 109a, 133, 141b, 151, 158a, 198b, 227.
Climate, 43, 177c.
College, 6, 26a, 113c, 126b, 172c, 203b, 225, 229c, 232b, 233b.
Commuters, 65a, 119b.
Concession, 79a, 92.
Conscience, 115.
Conservation, 203a.
Convicts, 5b, 180a.
Cooking, 10a, 121a, 146b, 161b, 202a.
Court, 29b, 73c, 75b, 81, 85a, 113c, 177a, 185b, 198a, 202a, 220a, 231b, 234a, 251, 252b. See Lawyers, Juries.
Courtship and Weddings, 9, 86, 90a, 92, 157b, 178b, 215a.

Deafness, 1a, 53a, 239b, 243.
Definitions, 8a, 123a, 141a, 177b, 181a, 186b.
Dentists, 204.
Despair, 105, 207a.
Disappointment, 30, 212.
Doctors, 6, 12a, 34a, 38, 41, 119a, 130b, 147b, 157a, 187b, 192b, 207a, 212, 237.
Druggists, 125a, 175a, 203b.

Economy, 14b, 16b, 41, 62a, 130b, 179b.
Effrontery, 204.

Farming, 7a, 61a, 112a, 147a, 150a, 197b. See Fertility.

Fatness, 1b, 137a, 171a, 232a, See Thinness.
Fertility, 2a, 16a, 143, 199a, 252a.
Fish and Game, 93, 107a, 134b, 137b, 143, 175b, 203a, 208b, 253b.

Gallantry, 96a, 121b, 172a.
Ghosts, 38, 70b.

Habits, 34a, 39, 78, 96b, 236a.
Health, 31, 147b, 190b, 229b.
Homesickness, 69.
Honors, 111, 188b.
Hotels and Restaurants, 24a, 31, 50a, 54b, 77, 145c, 165a, 189a, 230a, 243, 250a.
Humor, 91a, 221a.
Hunting. See Fish and Game.

Incredulity, 5a.
Inference, 2a, 8b, 25, 33a, 44a, 46a, 65b, 78, 86, 107b, 138, 156, 185b, 234a, 247b.
Ingenuity, 2b, 7b, 10b, 23a, 54b, 87a, 88b, 99, 186a, 211b, 241b.
Inquisitiveness, 82a, 208b.
Intoxication, 15, 57a, 66b, 68, 105, 109b, 128b, 139b, 140b, 142b, 193b, 195b, 198a.

Journalism, 59, 83c, 102b, 110, 116b, 122, 125b, 155a, 169c.
Juries, 144a, 223a, 239a, 250b.
Lawyers, 33b, 116a, 119a, 126a, 162, 163a, 183a, 202b, 213b, 240. See Court.

Laziness, 106b, 160, 166a, 173a.
Literature and Authors, 25, 27b, 29b, 36, 62b, 83b, 83c, 102a, 113a, 125b, 135a, 170, 174b, 187b, 200, 208a, 220b, 253b.
Logic, 2b, 226b, 238a,
Long-windedness. See Speeches.
Lynching, 46b, 49b.

Marriage, 10a, 91b, 96b, 101a, 101b, 155b, 165b, 166b, 175a, 181b 209, 210b, 220a, 231b, 233a, 251, 253a.
Moonshiners, 97, 173b.
Mountaineers, 106b, 166a, 252a.
Music, 12b, 171b, 172b, 179a, 232a, 241a.

Names, 1a, 4b, 29b, 88a, 123b, 221b.

Outdoor Sports, 96a, 249b. See Baseball, Fish and Game.

Parents, 101b, 138, 145a, 178a, 198b, 218b, 231a.
Parsimony, 19b.
Patriotism, 76, 100, 103b, 111, 145b, 199b, 242, 254b.
Philanthropy, 89, 154, 182b, 227, 247a.
Physical Prowess, 112b, 149, 159b, 215b.
Pickpockets, 64, 180b, 248.
Police, 88b, 97, 132a, 193a, 239b.
Politics, 7b, 34b, 73a, 117, 210c.
Polygamy, 152a, 220a, 246a.
Poverty, 252a.
Prize-fighters, 29a, 180b, 215b.

Railroads, 32, 58b, 59, 148, 218a, 226a.
Red Tape, 9, 184b.
Relationship, 19c, 146a, 152a.
Resemblance, 19c, 62b.
Retorts, 4a, 21b, 32, 72, 90a, 94, 112a, 123b, 128a, 140a, 230b.
Revenge, 5b, 149, 210a, 218a, 254b.

Salesmen, 118a, 124, 135a, 235.
Samaritans, 66b, 91b, 118b.
School, 8a, 14c, 18, 21a, 23a, 44b, 45a, 73b, 141a, 158b, 167, 181a, 186b, 195a, 219.
Servants, 3, 17, 19c, 25, 44a, 45b, 56a, 121a, 164a, 185a, 205b, 224a.
Ships and Sailors, 1b, 80, 130a, 132b, 228a, 229a.
Slovenliness, 2a, 52, 224b.
Snobs, 61a.
Somnambulism, 193a.
Speeches, 23b, 66a, 73a, 121b, 133, 141b, 158a, 216a, 223b.
Stammering, 113c, 129a, 206b.
Street Cars, 40, 64, 68, 72, 89, 96a, 123b, 238b.
Success, 197a, 199b, 240.
Substitution and Adulteration, 54a, 108, 230a, 230b.
Sunsets, 114, 176.
Sympathy, 19b, 27a, 34b, 81, 95, 154, 190a, 247a.

Tact, 51, 83a, 153, 229a, 245a.
Telephones, 8b, 38.

Tenderfoots, 10b, 26a, 98.
Thinness, 8b, 38.

Ugliness, 5a, 192a, 196.
Unclassified, 48b, 61b, 87b, 184a, 211, 213a.

Veracity, 83a, 118a, 164b.
Verdicts. See Juries.
Veterans, 34b, 37a, 202b.

War, 13, 28, 103b, 163b, 222.
Weather (Rain, Wind, Cold, etc.), 19a, 45b, 65a, 102a, 137a, 195b. See Climate.
Western, 26b, 135b, 195b, 206a.
Women, 14b, 128a, 172a, 200, 254a.

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